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RUSSIA AND BULGARIA.

IF anything more had been needed to prove that the course of conduct which Russia has been pursuing in Bulgaria has not been planned by competent statesmen, but has been the result of the personal violence of an incompetent ruler, the circumstances of the resumption of active measures by General KAULBARS would supply the proof. In the first place, such an attempt as Russia is now making ought (we are not speaking of morals, but of the political art) to be carried out with as much appearance of consistency and regular method as possible; and, in the second place, it ought to be carried out with as little shock to the susceptibilities, moral and political, of other nations as possible. Both these conditions are glaringly absent in the proceedings of General KAULBARS. When after his first rebuffs he retired to sulk at Rustchuk, it was quite clear that the next step had not been calculated, that he did not know what to do, and that it was uncertain what length of tether the fears or the complaisance of Germany and Austria would allow to the tyranny of ALEXANDER III. When after an interval the Czar at last mustered up courage, or at last squeezed out permission, to continue his "pressure," the methods resorted to were such that they have already excited indignation even at Berlin, the capital of all Europe where critics are apt to take the exercise of the iron hand most coolly. The presence of Russian warships at Varna is almost frankly piratical; for Russia neither is at war nor has any pretence of war with Bulgaria or with Turkey. It is the first complete illustration of the good sense of that Article of the Treaty of Paris which, in consequence chiefly of Mr. GLADSTONE'S pusillanimity and indifference to English interests and honour, was done away with fifteen years ago. In the peculiar situation of the Black Sea, and with the regulations existing in reference to the entrance of the Dardanelles, it is monstrous that Russia should be able, undeterred by any other naval force, to overawe in this manner any State which happens to have a harbour on the Euxine. West of Gallipoli such an act as this of Russia's would of course have been quite easily and quietly rendered harmless by the simple ordering of the English Mediterranean squadron to the place—to which Russia could have taken no possible objection. As it is, the temporary "squaring" or daunting of Turkey enables Russia to treat the Euxine as a Muscovite pond, a proceeding which (for all the sophistry which was used not long ago to prove the indifference of the Germans to the command of their own greatest waterway) will hardly be regarded with pleasure by any dwellers on the Danube.

The quasi-filibustering at Varna, however, is a kind of civil game, in comparison with the reported proceedings of General KAULBARS in reference to the probably imaginary persons who are maltreating Russian subjects in Bulgaria. The sanction which the General attached to his laying down of the law—to wit, that he would take his respectable self out of Bulgaria if it were not obeyed—may not appear very formidable, and in the still asserted condition that Austria will not allow an occupation would be quite derisory; but his demands themselves are so absolutely preposterous, that the mere quotation of them is enough. The Bulgarian Government having, in reply to his complaints, politely requested him to specify the persons who, according to him, are aggrieved, General KAULBARS "considered it absolutely superfluous to satisfy the wish of "M. NACEVICS, and preferred to declare that it would not

"be possible for him to enter into the discussion desired by "the Bulgarian Minister." That is to say, A complains of certain wrongs done by or with the connivance of B to an unspecified C. B demands particulars about C, and about the wrongs, in order that he may inquire, and, if necessary, make reparation, or arrange for prevention; and A replies that it is "superfluous to satisfy B's wish," and that he prefers not to enter into a "discussion." The clumsy folly of this proceeding is as obvious as its flagrant indecency. It is not in the least likely to be more effective than the same demand, however unreasonable, urged in a reasonable form, and it is certain, whether immediately effective or not, to breed in the people thus oppressed and insulted resentment which hardly anything can assuage. What interest Russia can suppose that she has in thus alienating the Bulgarians, it is impossible to discover, and the only explanation is the old one that Russian policy at the present moment represents nothing but the ungoverned impulses of a self-willed and incapable despot.

But, it will be said, the reprobation and contempt of Europe will produce no effect on Russia, and do no good to Bulgaria, unless active measures are taken. That is not so certain. The very same day's papers which contained the accounts of these extravagant proceedings, of the asserted riotous conduct of Russian sailors at Varna, and of the gossip of this and that diplomatist to the effect that Bulgaria must give in, contained also a statement, apparently authoritative, and not yet contradicted, to the effect that Austria had exacted, or at any rate received, a pledge from Russia not to occupy. It is inconceivable in the present temper of men both at Vienna and Berlin that such a pledge, if really given, should be violated, even by the petulance of ALEXANDER III. And if it is not violated the Bulgarians, as has been so often pointed out, have only to continue their present conduct in order to win. Threats, insults, even the lamentable withdrawal of General KAULBARS with bag and baggage, will break no Bulgarian bones and advance Russia's claims not one single inch. Unless a Russian *corps d'armée* is prepared to follow the cruisers that are steaming from Sebastopol to Varna (there was a time when the cruise the other way was more common), absolutely nothing can follow except the further discrediting of Russia. Some people write and talk as if the old metaphors about the sunshine of an Emperor's face and the like were sober facts as regards the Czar and Bulgaria. Not only are they not so, but the Czar has not in relation to Bulgaria the means of exhibiting practical displeasure which often exist between two countries. The Bulgarians are not dependent upon Russia for one single necessary of material or political life. Such trade as they have need not go through Russian territory, or depend upon Russian customers; and if Russia were to attempt to blockade Varna, it would not do them very much harm, while the breach of international law would probably stir even the torpid indignation of the Powers. As for Russian officers and officials, the Czar has most effectually disgusted Bulgaria with them already, and every Bulgarian, except a few salaried traitors, would be only too happy to see their backs. No; the Czar must occupy Bulgaria—he must, if the Bulgarians are staunch, conquer Bulgaria—in order to overcome its resistance. And sluggish as the temper, at least of governing Europe, may have seemed, it would be a rash man who should assert that England, Germany, Austria, and Italy, leaving France out of the question, would placidly permit Russia, without a shadow of excuse either in treaty right or in anything else,



to occupy and conquer by force of arms a State, protected not merely by its relations to Turkey, but by its recent constitution, and by repeated guarantees on the part of the whole of Europe. It may, in the complicated condition of politics, suit Europe to look on with a certain indifference while Russia plays the tricks of a Piache or a Shaman on the Bulgarians, and tries to frighten them into submission by yells and grimaces, and gymnastics, and general exhibition of bogeydom. Perhaps this toleration is not very creditable. But it depends upon the Bulgarians to resist the bogey treatment, and to make it necessary for Russia to commit acts of war, and to follow those acts of war by a formal invasion of the province. That would put a very different complexion on the affair.

WELSH HOME RULE.

THE proposal of Home Rule for Wales is bearing early fruit. Some of the tenant-farmers have begun attacks both on tithes and on rent; and Mr. STUART RENDEL has, probably by pre-concert, given Mr. MORLEY an opportunity of announcing a policy of provincial disestablishment. A collateral question has been raised whether the lawless demands of some Welsh farmers were first encouraged by Mr. GLADSTONE or by Mr. DAVITT. Both are entitled to the prize. The professed Communist introduced into Wales the general theory of plunder. The chief of the English Separatists devised the machinery by which the object might perhaps be attained. The agitation against the tithe-rent charge had already become formidable when Mr. GLADSTONE intimated his opinion that "gallant little Wales" ought to have a Legislature and a Government of its own. His immediate object may perhaps have been to accelerate the Disestablishment of the Church of England by attacking it in detail. The Establishment, though in Wales as elsewhere it is daily increasing in strength and efficiency, is for the time weaker in the Principality than in other parts of England. If its fate depended on the decision of a local majority, the Nonconformists might probably at present control the votes of a Welsh Parliament. It is possible that Mr. GLADSTONE may be equally desirous of disturbing the settlement of landed property in Wales. When he introduced the Irish Land Act he was never tired of explaining the differences of tenure and of custom which were supposed to render the English Land-law inapplicable to Ireland. It was at that time to the Imperial Parliament, and not to a separate Irish Legislature, that Mr. GLADSTONE appealed. The disclosure of his conversion to Home Rule was separated from the legislation of 1881 by an interval of five years. In the meantime Mr. GLADSTONE seemed to have become enamoured of agrarian revolution for its own sake, and a division of the United Kingdom into separate provinces would weaken the resistance of the owners of property to projects of confiscation.

The precedent of Ireland is utterly inapplicable to Wales, unless it is to be extended to the rest of England. The Welsh landlords have always effected the improvements which were made by the occupier in Ireland, and the rent and other conditions of letting have been settled by bargains in which both parties were entirely free. It would have been difficult even for Mr. GLADSTONE to introduce an Irish Land Act for the Principality, unless he was prepared, in defiance of his own arguments and promises, to extend its principles to judicial rents and fixity of tenure, which are as little known in Wales as in other parts of the country. The impediment could be most easily removed by tampering with the machinery of law and justice. A Parliament elected by Welsh farmers would probably advocate the apparent interest of its constituents, with the smallest possible regard to the merits or legal rights of the landowners. It must have been known to Mr. GLADSTONE that the mission of DAVITT had accustomed willing Welsh converts to revolutionary doctrines. He could not doubt that under Home Rule, and with the consequent removal of the pressure exercised by English public opinion, Wales would be demoralized as rapidly as Ireland. Perhaps he would have preferred that his clients should reserve their ulterior policy till they had secured the means of giving it full effect. The repudiation of the undertaking which they must have given to their landlords to pay the tithe-rent charge might by zealous partisans be attributed to animosity against the Church. The clamour for judicial rents and for the transfer of the freehold from the landlord to the tenant can only be

explained by the simple motive of lawless cupidity. When Mr. GLADSTONE next revives the scheme of a Tetrarchy to be substituted for the United Kingdom, he will have received full notice that, in one at least of the constituent provinces, legislative powers will be used for the promotion of plunder.

If there have been any landowners in Wales stupid enough to connive at the agitation against tithe-rent charge, it is to be regretted that they cannot be made the sole victims of the similar movement against rent. No passion is blinder, no tendency is more suicidal, than the grosser kinds of selfishness. It is irritating to read the speeches of ennobled millionaires against the Church Establishment, though their threats are chiefly formidable when it is known that the agitators enjoy the confidence of Mr. GLADSTONE. If the great institutions of the country are to be destroyed, those who chiefly profit by their maintenance ought to leave the task of ruin to greedy demagogues. A landowner who tries to rob a tithe-owner, a capitalist who is an enemy of endowments, commits a folly approaching to a crime. Complacent theorists who are willing that agrarian experiments should be made in Wales will do well to observe that the agitation is spreading to Essex and other distant parts of England. The claim of the malcontents is that free-trade in land should be totally abolished by a prohibition to be imposed on landowners of making binding contracts with tenants. If the doctrine is carried to its logical conclusion, every demise of land will amount to a transfer of the reversion. A widow or an infant who may be unable to occupy an inherited piece of land will not be able to let it to a tenant except on condition of parting with it for ever. A supposed State necessity served as a reason or an excuse for fixing the Irish occupying cultivators on the soil. A large or small capitalist who has agreed to rent a farm in Flintshire or in Cheshire has no better right than any stranger to claim a permanent property in the land.

The agitation is the more unreasonable because the tenants have already in their own hands the means of redressing any grievances of which they may complain. Even in the comparatively few instances in which they are bound by covenants in leases, farmers every day renounce their obligations as burdensome, with full knowledge that the landlord will be unable to enforce his legal demands. Tenants at will or those who hold for short terms have full power to make almost any bargain which they may deem advisable. In Essex, where some of the farmers propose to follow the lawless example of Ireland and Wales, a great number of farms have been thrown on the owner's hands, to be cultivated probably at a loss if he happens to have other resources, and to be left waste where he is unable to occupy the land. Almost all the landowners who are in such a condition would gladly let their land at any reasonable rent; and, in fact, some of them are compelled to allow to occupiers gratuitous use of the land for two or three or four years. Long leases which were once supposed to be boons to the fortunate holders are now out of fashion; but, if there were any demand for such arrangements, applicants for farms may in this respect also dictate their terms. The demand of the agitators is that contracts should be either invalid or wholly one-sided. Current leases will never, except as a result of express stipulation, be modified in favour of the landowner. The Welsh tenant would not hold himself bound by a judicial assessment, if he found or fancied that his rent was too high. The Irish agitators and Mr. GLADSTONE have taught him that there is no especial sacredness in judicial rents, even though they are expressly guaranteed by Parliament against alteration for a long term of years. Ingenuous Welshmen have taken kindly to the novel doctrine that debtors may fix at their discretion the amount which is due to the creditor. It was, perhaps, because they might as reasonably have demanded the whole value of the land that Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST, Lord-Lieutenant of Denbighshire, and chairman of an agrarian meeting, professed astonishment at their moderation.

The Nonconformist preachers and journalists who are the chief promoters of both the tithe and the rent agitation have the great advantage in districts where Welsh is spoken of a monopoly of assertion and argument. The intended victims of their agitation have no means of defending themselves against attacks which are made in a foreign language. The issue is, of course, well understood on both sides; yet it might almost seem that such a convert to predatory doctrines as Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST is subject to some strange hallucination. Perhaps he may not even be a

genuine proselyte, but rather a would-be mediator between two contradictory systems. The advocates of spoliation will take note of his admissions, and reject his reservations with ridicule. It may be hoped that few proprietors in Wales will attempt to save a portion of their own rights and those of their neighbours by feeble concessions. Wales has not yet obtained a separate Parliament, and at the last election the Farmers' Alliance, which anticipated the demands of the Welsh demagogues, found little favour with the constituencies. One voice to which the malcontents might possibly listen has from the beginning of the present agitation not uttered a word of warning. Mr. GLADSTONE has more than once found time to praise the Welsh for their devotion to his party and himself, and he has offered them legislative independence as a reward. Against the tithe agitation and the demand for an Irish Land Bill in Wales he has not had a word to say; yet the institution of property is perhaps as important as the reunion of the Liberal party.

HUMOURING THE ROUGH.

WHATEVER the winter may be like in Ireland, it is quite plain that some lively months are in store for the people of London. Unfortunately, those who seem to grasp this obvious truth with least readiness are the metropolitan police magistrates. These gentlemen do not seem to understand, though they must have enjoyed far more than enough experience to teach them, that severity is the only remedy for ruffianism. For some weeks past we have called the attention of those whom it more especially concerns to the growth of violence in the London streets. But the week which is just drawing to a close has been worse in this respect than any of its recent predecessors. How much of this increase in brutality is due to the immoral lenity of magistrates in previous cases, no statistician, not even Mr. ROBERT GIFFEN, can precisely determine. But if the administrators of the law would only give the public an opportunity of applying the method of differences, we are convinced that salutary light would be thrown upon the question. It may seem pedantic, in discussing a mere matter of police, to recur to the primary instincts of our fallen nature. A large number of persons, however, among them some charged with the execution of criminal justice, appear persistently to ignore the fact that there are human beings who delight in giving pain and annoyance to others, and who can only be deterred from the gratification of this their instinct by the knowledge that, if they do gratify it, still greater pain and annoyance will be inflicted upon them. Unlike dogs, these "humans" are not "amenable to moral influence." It is ridiculous to imagine that a rowdy who amuses himself by knocking down women, or joins a gang for the purpose of pushing respectable passengers off the pavement, will be moved by a magisterial determination to vindicate the law, coupled with the infliction of a small fine. One need not be a theologian to believe in original sin, nor a misanthrope to acknowledge the deterrent efficacy of the gaol.

Mr. NEWTON, of Marlborough Street, seems to have great faith in what schoolboys profanely call, or used to call, "soft jaw." The late Baron CLEASBY, it is said, was wont to address a prisoner somewhat in this fashion:—"You are one of the worst rascals I ever tried, and the sentence of the Court is that you be imprisoned for one month with hard labour." This habit endeared the worthy Baron, otherwise a most amiable and accomplished man, to the criminal classes, and Mr. NEWTON, if he does not desire, at least bids fair to secure, a similar popularity. Last Tuesday this magistrate had before him several cases of assault. One of the assaults was committed by ARTHUR JOHNSON, aged eighteen, described as of "no occupation," a deficiency which he had successfully supplied for himself. It would be controversial to say that SATAN found work for the idle hands of ARTHUR JOHNSON, but what happened in Piccadilly last Saturday night is less open to dispute. About ten minutes past twelve, JOHNSON, "who was with 'about twenty others,'" came shouting and singing along the footway. Seeing some one in the QUEEN'S uniform, they exclaimed, "Hallo, here's a soldier! let's have some sport 'with him.'" Such was their language, and their conduct was in harmony therewith. For JOHNSON immediately struck the soldier in the face with his stick, and, having thus "grazed his face," repeated the blow, this time upon the head. It is right to say that several witnesses swore, in

contradiction of the soldier's evidence, to JOHNSON having been first struck by him. But, as Mr. NEWTON very justly said, "a stop must be put to persons walking four abreast 'along the street, and pushing people off the pavement.'" After uttering this wholly unexceptionable sentiment, we will not say platitudes, Mr. NEWTON proceeded to enforce it by imposing a fine of fifty shillings.

Most people are familiar, either in fact or fiction, with the inscription, "Please shut this gate. The penalty for not 'doing so does not exceed forty shillings.'" With a trifling alteration in the figure, a peaceful subject of HER MAJESTY might, on Mr. NEWTON's authority, wear for his protection an equally deterrent placard. The doorkeepers at the Criterion are rather better off, at least in Marlborough Street Police Court, than the professional defenders of their country. In that temple of arithmetical justice it costs twice as much to kick the thigh of the one as to break the head of the other. On the same day which witnessed the conviction of JOHNSON, HENRY TAYLOR was proved to have "behaved like a madman," because he was not allowed to enter the place of public entertainment in question by the back door, when he was drunk. Whether he would have been admitted by the back door if he had been sober, or whether intoxication would have been equally fatal to his claim at the front door, did not, as the reporters say, transpire. It did, however, transpire that he had been ejected from the front door, which may throw some light on the question. Put upon his defence, TAYLOR remarked, with innocent simplicity, "I want to know 'where I got the black eye I have.'" That was scarcely a question which the Court or the prosecutor was bound to answer, especially as TAYLOR was proved to have "got" his facial decoration before he kicked the doorkeeper. In this case Mr. NEWTON, like Lord ELDON, was visited by doubts. He doubted whether he should not send the prisoner to gaol without the option of a fine. It is a pity that Mr. NEWTON felt this doubt, for which there was no sort of ground, and still more unfortunate that he settled it in the wrong way. For five pounds one may belabour a doorkeeper at the Criterion as much as one pleases. Most people would consider the game not worth the candle. But there are exceptions, as Mr. NEWTON should not have failed to remember. If you behave indecorously with "two young girls" in Great Portland Street, and hit a remonstrant passenger in the eye, you will be punished as severely as if you left a gate open. Forty shillings in either case is the tariff, Mr. NEWTON again being the judge, and in the case of the assault, the price cannot be called high. Mr. NEWTON said that "the prosecutor was 'quite right in interfering,'" but the prosecutor will probably know better than to interfere again.

Mr. BIRON at Lambeth is, we are glad to observe, more inclined to a just and wholesome severity than his colleague at Marlborough Street. Mr. BIRON has not been very long on the Bench, and has not yet come to regard the performances of the roughs as "only their fun." For making an unprovoked attack upon a young woman, he actually sent a scoundrel called HENRY BENSON to prison for a fortnight. The girl was coming home from church on Sunday night with her mistress, when they saw the prisoners, who "had their arms linked, and from their 'general appearance were evidently bent on a lark.'" BENSON's share of the lark was to hit the girl in the face with his fist, and it is the existence of a great many men with a similar idea of a lark that makes the inadequate sentences of Mr. NEWTON so deplorable. A police constable informed Mr. BIRON that "complaints were 'frequently being made with regard to the disgraceful 'conduct of gangs of roughs in the streets, particularly on 'a Sunday night. Respectable persons were afraid to go 'along.'" It is a scandal that policemen should have to make such reports, and that magistrates should have to listen to them. Lambeth is, no doubt, one of the worst districts in London. But we now hear of these "street 'outrages' from almost every quarter. There is certain to be, in the interval between this and spring, a plague of loafers, engaged in personating men unavoidably out of work. We must expect a far worse list of violent crimes than even that on which we are now commenting. Unless the magistrates deal with the criminals as they deserve, London will soon be unsafe to walk in. Every day the police reports reveal some new or familiar form of brutality. JAMES HAYES, who, Quixotically trying to patch up a quarrel in Spitalfields, was felled with a shovel, now "lies in a serious condition at the London Hospital."

TIMOTHY WILLIAMS, who, it is refreshing though surprising to observe, has been sent to prison for six months with hard labour, bit the end off a policeman's finger. This was too much for Mr. SLADE, who accordingly passed the exemplary sentence referred to. Another brute has been remanded on a charge of trying to bite off a man's ear. It seems highly desirable that the cat should be applied to offenders of this class until they are stamped out or induced, at least superficially, to reform their manners. These epidemics of brutality are, it may be said, annual, and there is nothing new about them. But the fact is that they are getting worse; and that, while the police do their duty for the most part, they are not properly supported by the magistrates.

LORD BRABOURNE AND MR. GLADSTONE.

LORD BRABOURNE has an easy task in answering the latest additions to the catalogue of Mr. GLADSTONE's historical blunders. It is, indeed, difficult to deal with such a proposition as "that Ireland was satisfied with the Parliament of 1782 as between herself and England, and in this sense only." Lord BRABOURNE naturally professes himself unable to understand the meaning of the sentence; but probably Mr. GLADSTONE intends to assert that the Irish were contented with a very bad Parliament, in so far as it was theoretically independent of England. Its corruption, its faction, and the control which was exercised over its action by the English Executive were insignificant drawbacks to the general satisfaction. It is worth while to remember how the virtues and demerits of GRATTAN's Parliament have been imported into the Home Rule controversy. The opponents of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy have maintained that an Irish statutory Parliament would complete the process of separation by disregarding any restrictions which might be imposed. The answer was that GRATTAN's Parliament had on the whole been successful while it enjoyed entire independence. When it was shown that almost all its legislative measures were proposed and carried by the Government majority, its apologists protested that at least the Irish Parliament had not opposed any beneficent measure introduced by the Executive. Lord BRABOURNE's reply is conclusive on an issue which would never have been raised except by a recent and superficial student of Irish history. GRATTAN's Parliament at the instigation of FOX and SHERIDAN rejected PITT's offer of Free-trade with England. The same Minister afterwards more completely effected his object by the Union which has secured absolute freedom of intercourse between the two countries for the greater part of a century. One of the reasons of the Whig leaders for opposing the Union may have been founded on their just conviction that PITT was about to retrieve the defeat of 1785. The Irish Nationalists of the present day for the first time propose to reverse PITT's beneficent policy by imposing prohibitive duties on English manufactures. The attempt to place the royal prerogative in the hands of a Regent, who might not have been allowed to exercise corresponding powers in Great Britain, is another illustration of the mischief of Separatist legislation. On these points Mr. GLADSTONE has made no attempt to answer Lord BRABOURNE or other critics of his novel historical doctrine.

When Mr. GLADSTONE published his pamphlet, he evidently believed that the Parliament of the Pale was a national Legislature. That it was summoned from time to time by the Kings of England to prevent the lapse of the English colony into indigenous barbarism is a lesson which he has, it seems, learned not even yet fully from Lord BRABOURNE. He makes no serious attempt to defend this part of his statement or argument; and henceforth he will probably place the beginning of Irish constitutional history either in 1782 or, perhaps, in the reign of JAMES I. The extravagant importance which he attaches to the recall of Lord FITZWILLIAM affords another proof of the crude nature of his historical inquiries. The Irish Rebellion was certainly later in date than the disavowal by the Government of Lord FITZWILLIAM's policy; but the alliance of the disaffected Irish with the French Republic was due to much wider causes. The recall of Lord FITZWILLIAM was followed after an interval by the Act of Union, which was intended by PITT to render possible a measure of Catholic Emancipation. It is true that Mr. LECKY and, to a certain extent, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH have in former writings expressed a harsh opinion of Mr. PITT's acts and motives; but in

quoting these authorities in support of his Separatist measures Mr. GLADSTONE commits a strange mistake. Two eminent political and historical writers have concurred in one of Mr. GLADSTONE's arguments against the Union; but now, with full knowledge of all the elements of the discussion, they condemn in the strongest language the practical inference which he deduces from their doctrines. Those who rely on their knowledge and judgment cannot hesitate to prefer their present utterances to Mr. GLADSTONE's version of their former declarations. In forensic discussions it is a sufficient answer to the citation of an Act of Parliament that its provisions have been repealed by a later statute. The same rule may be applied to successive expressions of opinion by the same persons. There is no reason to assume that either Mr. LECKY or Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is prepared to retract his published statements; but it is evident that they think themselves able either to reconcile apparent contradictions or to modify the judgments on which Mr. GLADSTONE relies.

Lord BRABOURNE has made it his principal business to confute Mr. GLADSTONE's curious impressions of Irish history, and he has fully accomplished his purpose. It was well worth while to prove that the author of a revolutionary proposal was but superficially acquainted with the facts on which his judgment was professedly based. A less courteous critic than Lord BRABOURNE would perhaps have suggested that imperfect knowledge and rhetorical inaccuracy might be probably attributed, not only to political prejudice, but also to the recent date of study. It is doubtful whether, either during his fifteen years of silence, or even when he introduced the Home Rule Bill to the House of Commons, Mr. GLADSTONE attached special importance to the methods which were used by PITT and CASTLEREAGH to carry the Union. It is at least certain that during the long Parliamentary debates he uniformly professed his determination to maintain the organic law which he now denounces as invalid. He still affects to abstain from total condemnation of the Union; but in his recent speeches and writings he bestows upon it only a formal recognition. He has perhaps one reason which has not been disclosed for abstaining from an avowed agitation for Repeal. The restoration of GRATTAN's Parliament which would follow from the simple repeal of the Union would leave the executive power in the hands of the Imperial Government. The Home Rule Bill, or any similar measure, would be much more sweeping in its operation than a mere Repeal of the Union. The responsibility of Irish Ministers to an Irish Parliament would exist for the first time in history. When a similar boon is conferred on a colony, it is universally understood to be equivalent to a concession of independence, to be suspended or asserted at the pleasure of the colony itself. Applied to Ireland, it would involve an early or immediate rupture.

A graver error than ignorance, or misinterpretation of truth, consists in the assumption that the issue is in any sense historical. The question for Parliament is not whether the Union was procured by corruption, but whether it is now desirable that it should be abolished. The business of the historical student is to judge as accurately as he may by the aid of former experience of the probable results of contending systems of policy. He is not necessarily required to show, as Lord BRABOURNE has shown, that an independent Irish Parliament has never yet existed, and that when a certain amount of independence was for a time conceded, the results were unsatisfactory or disastrous. He is, of course, liable to be told that circumstances have changed, and that an improved Legislature would escape the inconveniences of GRATTAN's Parliament; nor would he attempt to prove that history almost everywhere necessarily repeats itself. To a sophistical or technical objection founded on the alleged immorality of some bygone transaction he is not called upon to return an answer. History is not the same thing as the study of history, but the actual course of events determined by practical causes. It was perhaps wrong in HENGIST and HORSA to exterminate British communities; but, as modern writers teach, the result of such operations has been the establishment of the English nation on British soil. Statesmen have to legislate, not for the former inhabitants of the island, but for the community in which they find themselves, irrespectively of the possible guilt of former generations. The Union may have cost a million or a million and a half in allowances in pensions, but its consequences are irrespectively of its cost.

Throughout the controversy Mr. GLADSTONE has, perhaps unconsciously, declined to notice the effect of the Union on one of the parties to the compact. England, or Great

Britain, is as well entitled to consideration as the Irish or the demagogues who affect to represent them. It is scarcely too much to say that, if the separate Irish Parliament had continued to exist, the maintenance of the struggle for independence against NAPOLEON could not have been conducted to a successful issue. A petty enemy on the flank, allying itself with all the adversaries of England, would have been found an intolerable nuisance. The Union has hitherto given security against a danger which would, under a system of Home Rule, immediately revive. As has been already observed, absolute freedom of trade has prevailed throughout the United Kingdom, long before it was extended to intercourse with foreign countries. For eighty-six years every useful act of legislation has included Ireland as well as Great Britain, and the result has been that malcontents, with all their unscrupulous ingenuity, find it difficult to invent a grievance which could be corrected by an Irish Legislature. The scheme is so indefensible that its chief advocate welcomes the opportunity of discussing irrelevant questions of history, instead of confining himself to relevant considerations of peace, goodwill, and national welfare. Of the temper in which he writes it is enough to say that he describes the members of the Irish Church at the time of the Union as a band of jobbers who called themselves Protestants.

THE CITY POLICE.

THERE are very particular reasons for feeling interested in the City Police at this moment, and they are sufficiently well known to make it superfluous to specify them. A good account of the force is therefore welcome. Mr. SHAND has published a decidedly good one in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and he could hardly have treated the subject at a more appropriate time. Mr. SHAND's article ought to be read by the force with at least as much pleasure as by the general public, for it is highly laudatory. Both have every reason to be obliged to him; for it is at least as pleasing to the quiet citizen with a safe or pocket to be emptied to know that his defenders are efficient as it can be for these same defenders to find their merits recognized. If it were not for one passage in his article, we should almost feel bound to believe that the City Police is composed of persons virtuous enough to work a system of Socialism. But Mr. SHAND is not ignorant that the best of men are none the worse for being occasionally compelled to behave with propriety, and so he shows in his account of the police hospital. Before this addition to the organization of the force was made by Sir JAMES FRASER, it was the custom to grant outdoor medical attendance. The temptation to get a day's holiday was too much even for the City Police. Constables have been seen to empty the medicine supplied them into the gutter when once well round the corner, or have even been found at the Crystal Palace "with a lady on either arm" when their too confiding superiors supposed them to be sick at home. Now, the invalid policeman must go to hospital, and if he does play at being sick he must do it very seriously. The change has had a most happy effect on the general health of the force. The tales are not particularly discreditable to the City Police, since, like other bodies, it has had to be worked up into a proper condition by good management and strict discipline. The essential thing is that there has been good management, and that the police is composed of material capable of being wrought into something like perfection.

As Mr. SHAND shows, the City Police is a very small body considering the work it has to do and the interests it has to guard. There are in all eight hundred men for public and ninety-nine men for private service. These nine hundred men have to guard the greatest mass of accumulated wealth in the world, and have to regulate such a traffic as neither exists nor ever has existed anywhere else on the surface of the globe. It is a matter of common knowledge that this last part of their work is admirably done. Nobody who has gone through the not uncommon experience of driving in a hansom from Cannon Street to Broad Street Station can very well have failed to see that, without the help of the quiet officers who look after the crossings round the Mansion House, the Exchange, and the Bank, he would get along more quickly and much more safely on his hands and knees. This sort of work has to be done all over the City at all times; and when a crowd collects—and a crowd does collect in the City with astonishing rapidity on small pretences—it has to be done on a larger

scale. This is not a task of the more heroic kind, but it could not be got through without the help of a good deal of judgment and a great deal of temper. It would be unjust to deny that the Londoner, who is for the most part a good-natured fellow and amenable to reason, helps the police to do their work. The disgraceful affair of some years ago in the Park shook the authority of the force seriously, and its natural enemies—loafers, Radicals, corner-men, Socialists, and thieves—have been the bolder ever since. Still, this disorderly element is, in reality, but weak. The decent majority will always assist the police as long as the police show common tact and temper, which they hardly ever fail to do. Over and above keeping flurried country people and old ladies from making themselves a sacrifice to PICKFORD, the police have to watch all sorts and conditions of practical Socialists by day and night. Some of these are quite remarkable men. Such, for instance, was the great Scottie, whose history may be read at large in Mr. SHAND's article. He organized a plan of robbery so simple and so comprehensive that he deserved to succeed. Yet the City Police ran him in. The night work of the officer is not only exacting, but beset by temptations. Cracksmen offer him money, and publicans are prepared to supply him with unlimited drink. Nevertheless the City constable goes about his duty with a self-control which causes Mr. SHAND to compare him very favourably with St. ANTHONY. It is pleasing to know in these degenerate times that strong, intelligent, and honest men can be found to do this trying work for salaries ranging from 25s. to 32s. a week, with certain allowances of clothes and the prospect of a modest pension at the end of twenty years' service. It is also well to know at this time that the present admirable efficiency of the City Police is largely due to the good management of Sir JAMES FRASER and the military officers who have at different times been his assistants. Military men have always been the best chiefs of police, though the common soldier, no matter how good a man he may have been in the ranks, is not highly valued as a constable. He has usually been too much drilled, and has lost the faculty for thinking and acting for himself. Military officers, again, have been trained to drill and direct others, and Mr. SHAND shows that they have done their work thoroughly with the City Police.

THE NEW MOREAU.

HISTORY does occasionally repeat itself, at least in the Fine Arts. LA FONTAINE is once more being illustrated by a new MOREAU (M. GUSTAVE MOREAU), and the exhibition of the drawings calls the mind across a whole century to the work of MOREAU le JEUNE. M. GUSTAVE MOREAU's drawings in illustration of the *Fables* are to be seen at Messrs. GOUPILO's in Bond Street, and the show is so striking, and in many ways so beautiful, that lovers of art should certainly visit it. They will, of course, be disappointed if they erroneously suppose that the drawings on view are the originals of any of the famous MOREAU engravings of the last century. The old MOREAU—MOREAU le JEUNE—was on a level with EISEN, and perhaps superior to GRAVELOT, in the charming pictures which he designed for the illustrated editions now so much valued. He had a firmness, delicacy, grace, and variety of invention, in the delineation of MOLIÈRE's people for instance (of course in the dresses of WATTEAU's time), which made his "Molière" and his "Rousseau" among the few really desirable illustrated books. BRUNET mentions that his original drawings for the "Molière" were sold early in this century, and brought only 60l. To-day, a copy of the book, in old morocco, and with the engravings in a good state, fetches more than was given for the original drawings. The strength of MOREAU le JEUNE lay chiefly in his pictures of contemporary life. His classical subjects were, so to speak, more than academic in their frigidity.

It is with a curious sense of the change time makes in taste that one enters the Gallery where the *bonhommes* of the seventeenth century is illustrated by the MOREAU of to-day. Designs from books in LA FONTAINE's age were rude enough, though they have a certain spirit. He was accustomed to rough-and-ready engravings like those of CHAUVEAU, and his delicate *naïveté* had to wait nearly a hundred years for artists who could do it justice—for the day of EISEN and MOREAU le JEUNE. His fables are chiefly farmyard allegories, with only their style and wit to raise them above the common level of fabulists. Not many writers are less romantic than LA FONTAINE. But M. GUSTAVE MOREAU has clad his fancies

in the most glorious purple and the most glowing reds and blues and golds. The colour of this artist is simply astonishing considering his vehicle. Mr. BURNE JONES, whom he resembles in many ways, with curious differences, has never done anything more surprising in the mere beauty of colour than the allegorical design for the frontispiece—the blue-clad winged figure, with plumes of purple, on a sky faintly green, as it is at the end of a sunset. Perhaps this is the most attractive of all the designs, though the figure of Discord in the Temple of Hymen is also very romantic and imaginative. There is a clever glow of firelight in the picture of the woman-cat chasing the mouse. The vulture slaying the dove, high in a flaming sunset, above the sneering image of the great Egyptian Sphinx, looks like an illustration of the strange Egyptian conversation between Isis, a cat, and a jackal. That relic of Egyptian literature about the beginning of our era deals with the eternal and ruthless struggle for existence, the theme of M. MOREAU's drawing. In one or two figures, as that of Death when he meets the woodman, M. MOREAU seems to show a reminiscence of Mr. BURNE JONES's VIVIEN; the half-veiled head and the rusty blue of the drapery are alike; and elsewhere he, perhaps, has been influenced by the head of MERLIN in the same painting. It is interesting to see all this romance and all this colour read into LA FONTAINE's fables. They are glorified in a way which their author might probably have smiled at; but the designs are all the more remarkable and worth seeing for the contrast between topics and treatment. Even setting aside this historical attraction, the mere colour is a surprise, though, perhaps, it must be admitted that the drawing of the figure is not always satisfactory. Etchings after half a dozen of the drawings are exhibited; but black and white, of course, cannot even suggest such a thing as the glow of the lapis lazuli pillars of M. MOREAU's enchanted palaces.

SHIPS AND TORPEDOES.

LOVE of truth, or perhaps only a thorough understanding of the necessity there is for preparing the mind of the Chamber to receive a demand for two hundred millions of francs, has caused Admiral AUBE to compliment his colleagues of the English Admiralty very solemnly in the presence of Europe. That Admiral AUBE himself is to be thanked for the politeness seems to be agreed by everybody. If he has not written, he has inspired a long article in the *Journal des Débats* giving a most flattering picture of the strength of the British navy. Perhaps this same necessity of getting up a case for a demand for money may have somewhat influenced the Admiral's mind. As he has to persuade the Chamber that the French navy is perishing for want of money to build swift cruisers enough, it is of course his cue to make the worst of what he has. It would, therefore, be wise not to accept the French Admiral's high estimate of the speed and strength of our ships altogether without reserve. Again, there is another reflection which must suggest itself to the reader familiar with naval controversy. He can hardly read this picture of the weakness of the French navy without remembering how often he has seen the same facts handled in the same way by English officers to prove a diametrically contrary proposition. On both sides of the Channel the officer who wishes to stir the holders of the national purse-strings into giving money for ships goes the same way to work. He takes the word of the foreign Government for its ships, and tests the word of his own very severely when he does not reject it altogether. In this way it is easy for the French naval officer to show that English ironclads are more numerous, stronger, and swifter than the French. Change the names, and the fable remains equally true. For these reasons we do not accept the *Débats* article as altogether trustworthy, though the writer makes out a very fair case for us, for which we thank him. In the meantime we hope that the French naval officer's high opinion of our navy will not blind the English Admiralty to the fact that he is hard at work trying to obtain millions of money for the express purpose of doing English commerce the utmost possible damage whenever an opportunity presents itself. So Admiral AUBE honestly says, and he is even of opinion that there can be no safe peace between France and this perfidious country so long as English commerce cannot be brought to the verge of ruin at a moment's notice. The

Admiral must remember that you cannot play both sides of the game. We for our part may reflect that there can be no safe peace as long as France is in a position to inflict fatal damage on our commerce.

On the whole, the result of the experiments with the *Resistance* at Portsmouth is more encouraging than the somewhat interested compliments of our friend in the *Débats*. The object of the experiments was to prove what is the actual power of the torpedo under the most favourable circumstances, and the result has been to show that it is comparatively small. The utmost has been done to favour the torpedo in these trials. The *Resistance* has been anchored in smooth water, and has played the part of cock-shy. Torpedoes have been launched at her with deliberation, or have been put under her bottom and fired off by wires. All this artificiality was proper enough under the circumstances, since the object of the experiments was not to find how a ship could be best attacked by torpedoes, but, firstly, how she could be defended from these weapons, supposing them to be fired with success, and, secondly, to find exactly what amount of harm would be done if one were to burst just at the most favourable place for itself and the worst for the ship. The result of the trials has been very encouraging for those of us who declined to bow down and worship the torpedo. In the first series of experiments it was shown that the net, when rigged out at a distance of from twenty feet or so from a ship's side, is a fairly efficient defence. This is good as far as it goes, and disposes of the assertion that in future war-ships will be unable to ride at anchor in the neighbourhood of an enemy. But the last experiment was by far the most important. On this occasion a torpedo was placed under the keel of the *Resistance* just where it would be most effective, and was fired by a wire. In actual warfare it would have been launched, and must have taken its chance of the rebound which would more or less have diminished the force of the explosion. Even so the damage done by the Whitehead was trifling when it is compared with the pictures which used to be drawn of the certain consequences of such an explosion. A hole was knocked in the bottom of the *Resistance*, she was a good deal shaken all through, and enough water was shipped to give her a list; but that was all. She would not have sunk; her crew could still have fought her guns; and, if the boilers had not been damaged by the explosion, she could have been carried into port. In short, the damage done to the *Resistance* by the torpedo seems to have corresponded as nearly as may be to the loss of a mast by an old wooden liner; and that, as everybody knows, was a common enough incident. After this we shall probably hear less about the approaching disappearance of the great war-ship and the irresistible power of the torpedo.

SCOTCH SCHOOLS.

AT a public meeting in the Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, Mr. A. J. BALFOUR made a speech in favour of better secondary schools for Scotland. He justly praised the primary schools and the Universities, but "the two had squeezed out the secondary schools which should have been interposed between them." Nothing could be more true, though perhaps the results on the whole are not so bad as might be feared. The vast majority, we imagine, of Scotch undergraduates go to Edinburgh, Glasgow, or St. Andrews, from primary schools. They go very young, and then often make the most astonishing progress at the Universities by dint of extremely hard work and natural aptitude. But it is inevitable in the circumstances that the "junior class" of the Professors of Greek and Latin should be occupied with work which is backward schoolboy work, and which ought to have been got over before the men, or rather boys, entered the college gates. As a result, progress must be rather narrowly limited to the clever and the industrious, who advance with remarkable strides, and, in the senior classes, are often sound, and sometimes elegant, scholars. But in a large class it is very difficult to keep the majority to tasks which are irksome enough, especially to young fellows who have more than their comrades in England of the independence of young men. Happily the kind of teaching that a professor gives is usually more attractive, more stimulating, and more literary than schoolmasters generally provide; and thus the pupils get interested and the lectures get along, and much good education is cheaply provided. Still good secondary schools would send up boys with a far

better knowledge of the beginnings and elements of education, and professors would have more time for their natural work—for the lectures which they now deliver to their advanced classes. The lack of many good secondary schools keeps famous students like those who hold several Scottish chairs eternally chopping blocks with razors for two-thirds of their time.

The existing secondary schools, setting aside places like Fettes and Loretto, which more or less resemble English public schools, are chiefly day schools, like the High School and the Academy in Edinburgh. The difficulty of these establishments, excellent as they are in the general aim and method of their teaching, is want of money. Mr. BALFOUR asked for "endowments provided by munificent country-men," and well he might. A large unendowed day school is almost compelled to throw too much work on too few teachers. Again, there is likely to be a tendency to limit the numbers of the forms or classes, and to stuff each class with far too many boys. Say you have seven classes, and perhaps ninety boys in the first, or youngest, the "gytes," with seventy or eighty in the second or third. How can one master do justice to such a throng? Again, the throng must contain boys in many different degrees of industry and knowledge. Some should be higher in the school, others lower. The old rule used to be that every boy in a class "got his remove" every year, rising in the school by seniority. We do not know how far this has been reformed; but it was of most evil influence on industry. There was no motive for working beyond a little grain of conscience, not often active. Parents were believed to disapprove of any system which kept a backward boy in a form till he was fit to leave it; and as the whole organization lived for the most part on fees paid by parents, the difficulty of reform is manifest. Mr. BALFOUR said he meant to ask the Treasury to spend money on Scottish secondary education. It is ill to get money out of the Treasury; but wealthy Scotchmen have a fine opportunity to do their country service. Probably their better course would be rather to aid with endowments the secondary schools already existing than to indulge in costly novelties like Fettes. Scotland has less need of new public schools like those of England than of accessible and cheap secondary day schools.

THE NINTH, AND AFTER.

ON the supposition, the very doubtful supposition, that we either need to, or ought to, live under the threats of the Social Democratic Federation, the prospects for the Ninth are fairly good. The City and Metropolitan Police authorities are on their guard, and the Home Office is prepared to support them. This being so, the handful of agitators who form the League, and their tail of roughs or dupes, will, if they do try to make a disturbance, either in their newly selected locality of Trafalgar Square or elsewhere, be rapidly brought to order. With this prospect before them they will probably go no nearer making a disturbance than to take off their coats and announce that they are about to begin. For the rest, the S. D. F. has gained its object. It has advertised itself extensively, has had fine sport with Sir JAMES FRASER, and has only retired under what it probably calls the stress of tyranny. The Chief Commissioner of City Police has in the main to thank himself for the impertinence he has been compelled to endure during the last few days; but it is impertinence none the less, and thoroughly characteristic of the S. D. F. They enjoy being safely insolent to their betters pretty much as the bargee in *Codlingsby* enjoyed whopping a lord, though it was at least in the favour of that unfortunate democrat that he seems to have taken his share of whatever hits were going. The S. D. F.'s appeal to the rights of all Britons smacks somewhat of imitation of the late estimable Dr. KENEALY. "The General Council of the Social Democratic Federation," it seems, "has yet to learn that the rights and privileges [what has a Social Democrat to do with a privilege, except abolish it?] of English citizens, consecrated by the usage of centuries [this is quite the style of the Doctor], to protest in peaceful procession against the deliberate neglect of acknowledged misery, which is deepening every day, are at the mercy of the arbitrary decision of a military police constable, or that the laws of England can be abrogated by the unauthorized fiat of an ex-colonel of infantry." All

this, and much more, the General Council of the S. D. F. must have rolled out with much the same kind of joy felt by the Father of the Marshalsea as he read out the petition. The rights and privileges of Englishmen, the usage of centuries, and the laws of England sound well. In practice the S. D. F. will discover that Sir JAMES FRASER, even though he is an ex-colonel of infantry, is abundantly provided by statute with power to keep order in the streets, whereas agitators, even though they are ex-nothings in particular of artillery, have no right, either by the usage of centuries or the laws of England, to collect mobs. The usage of centuries had, indeed, a very short way with such persons. In a roundabout fashion this clique of agitators with the intolerably long name may do some service to the cause of order. Ever since the Hyde Park riots of scandalous memory there has been a sort of conviction in the minds of many persons that they have a kind of common-law right to block the streets and stop traffic whenever they feel inclined to make a demonstration. This conviction has been encouraged in high places for obvious reasons, but when it is made an excuse for an attempt to terrorize London by an obscure knot of agitators the absurdity of the thing may at last be made so manifest that common sense will have a say in the matter again.

In the meantime the S. D. F. has secured an unexpected body of allies. Bishops, a Cardinal, and certain Dissenting ministers have met, and have turned their attention to the distress and the probability of its increase during the approaching winter. Then they have suggested what appear to them to be possible remedies. It may be invidious to say so, but there is an air of resemblance between this body and a certain Commission—which included one of its members by-the-by—appointed by nobody to look into another matter last year. It is unauthorized, it is hasty, it is so conscious of good intentions, that it has apparently waited neither to collect evidence nor to think whether it would not be quite as likely to do harm as good. The remedy suggested by the Bishops, Cardinal, and Dissenters is, briefly, that the State should take in hand some great quantities of work not very clearly defined. It must be work which nobody else is bound to do, and the six gentlemen who sign the letter propose that three regulations should be adopted to prevent abuse or waste. Firstly, the men employed should be paid at something below the market rate of wages, "so that the workmen may as speedily as possible be absorbed into the ordinary labour market at full wages upon the revival of trade." Secondly, that the work should be purely secular. Thirdly, that no men should be employed who have not been resident six months in London, in order to avoid a rush of workmen from the country. The well-meaning six are also aware that many of the unemployed are wholly unfit, by reason of their training and their bodily weakness, to do any kind of rough outdoor work. For them some other kind of employment must be found, and the gentlemen who sign the letter are quite confident it can be done if only the task is set about in the proper spirit. They propose to form a special fund, out of which wages are to be paid; and, further, they suggest that, if the distress which they foresee does become acute, "the Metropolitan Board of Works and any other public bodies having large works in contemplation should set such works on foot with as little delay as possible."

Now this scheme differs in many points from the plan of the S. D. F. That body proposes to limit the hours of work, and compel all employers to pay more hands. It has other and equally notable schemes for making three guineas of capital do the work of five. Still, the six religious persons are going on the same road as the S. D. F. They are, apparently, quite as much convinced that it is the duty of the State to find work for the unemployed; and, though they are much less drastic in their methods, they are equally prepared to begin a course of State Socialism. The very meagre outline of a scheme which they have sent to the papers hardly affords matter for much criticism, but what little there is of it seems to be likely to prove either inoperative or mischievous. Their proposal to pay the unemployed who are to be taken on for charitable works at less than the usual rate of wages may be dismissed at once. It is certain that the hands employed on such terms would do as little work as they could. The only check on them would be dismissal—or, in other words, they would be compelled to do the market amount of work for less than the market amount of pay, under pain of being sent back to the distress they had been drawn from. Such a scheme would assuredly be very ill received by the whole working class, and would be universally denounced as a

system of sweating. When the Bishop of LONDON and his colleagues give as a reason for paying less than the usual rate of wages that the workmen would be thereby the more easily "absorbed into the ordinary labour market at full wages upon the revival of trade," it is not easy to see quite what they mean. If trade revives, the need for any fund to supply charitable work ceases at once. The men will need it no longer, nor would subscribers subscribe. But the great difficulty is to know what work is to be found. There are a certain number of things which can be done, no doubt. But such things are few. It is very easy to suggest that the Metropolitan Board of Works and any other public bodies should immediately go on with any large works they may have in contemplation; but large works mean large rates and additions to the debts of corporations. The letter of the six divines, as far as it suggests action on the part of the State, is remarkable even among charitable schemes for ignoring the practical consideration that outlay means taxation. Unquestionably it is a part of their scheme that a fund should be raised by private subscription and devoted to giving employment to workpeople. This is a meritorious enough proposal; but when one comes to ask how the money is to be spent, the answer certainly does not suggest itself. What work is to be done? Who is to choose it? Who is to overlook it? Is it going to compete with private enterprise, and so help to produce distress in its turn by further increasing the struggle? How much of the fund is to be spent in superintendence and management? All these are questions which the six ought to have asked themselves, and will assuredly have to ask themselves, if their scheme ever goes so far as even to begin to be put in practice. As yet, however, these details seem to have been overlooked. The clergy are content with a general pious proposal, and, although that is innocent so far, it is also ineffective. If this scheme ever is matured and applied, it is quite as likely to work chiefly as a disturbing element in the labour market as to relieve distress.

THE NEW YORK MAYORALTY.

THE defeat of Mr. HENRY GEORGE in his contest for the Mayoralty of New York is less encouraging than his position on the poll is ominous. His opponents were not, perhaps, the strongest that could have been imagined; but still the difference between any decently eligible candidate is so great that this consideration cannot be regarded as counting for much. The ugly fact remains that a representative of one of the two great American parties was actually eight thousand votes or so behind a Socialist competitor, who himself polled a number considerably over two-thirds of that by which the successful candidate was elected. It cannot be pleasant for any sober citizen of New York to reflect that as many as 68,000 out of 235,000 registered electors, or more than 25 per cent. of the whole, were prepared to hand over the control of the municipality to a man who did not shrink from commending himself to their suffrages by telling them that the elevated railways of New York ought to be as "free as air" to working-men. Nor would there be much consolation for him in the thought that Mr. GEORGE's supporters were largely recruited from a party who may perhaps be described as Irish Nationalists in the first place and Socialists afterwards. For Mr. FORD and his party are not Socialists very long afterwards, as the peculiar form taken by the Irish agrarian agitation, of which they are the main supporters, is enough to show. And Mr. GEORGE's principal Irish patron was careful to remind the public in general that he is personally an adherent of what must, we suppose, be called by courtesy the doctrine of the author of *Progress and Poverty*. What cause Mr. FORD's dupes in general may have supposed themselves to be furthering in giving their votes to the candidate whom he favoured is more than we can say. A considerable number of them probably were in a state of more or less complete ignorance on the subject—mere "items" who cast their vote at Mr. FORD's bidding, just as they "table their dollars" for the Irish land-war at his request. But, after all deduction made for the Irish contingent, and for the merely blackguard contingent—the latter partly, it is true, but only partly, coextensive with the former—the number of Mr. GEORGE's poll remains a very disagreeable circumstance. You cannot make out that 68,000 voters, even in a country

of such franchises as America, are the mere scum of an electoral population of 235,000. The scum does not rise so thick as this to the surface of any community, whatever depth of dregs may be invisible at the bottom. The disquieting inference is that the largest, richest, and busiest city of the United States contains something more than an appreciable proportion of inhabitants who, to put it mildly, appear to be ready for very rash experiments upon the foundations of the social edifice with some parts of whose superstructure they happen to be discontented.

Of course it should be remembered, in partial extenuation of the gravity of this occurrence, that no immediately mischievous results might have followed even upon Mr. GEORGE's election to the mayoralty. There is nothing which Mr. GEORGE himself could have legislatively, or even legally, done for the promotion of his well-known political and economical objects; though, of course, outside the sphere of legality there is, as was shown by Mr. TWEED and others, a wide field for the prosecution of Communistic experiments of an extreme kind. We do not impute to Mr. GEORGE any designs of that particular predatory kind, and, in the absence of that explanation, his motive in seeking election to a purely executive office remains his own secret. It is a secret, we must observe, too, which he seems especially anxious to keep, since, in reply to a question put for the purpose of eliciting the object of his candidature, he contented himself merely with giving reasons why he did not "run for" Congress or for the State Legislature, and there stopped, omitting, that is to say, to explain why it was that he *did* "run for" the mayoralty. It is just possible that his reasons for the step may have been kept back from his admirers for fear that they should be found to smack a little too much of the obsolete heresies of individualism. For Mr. GEORGE, though his adherents do loudly protest, and do, perhaps, too much protest, that he is an honest man, has always struck us at any rate as an honest man with an eye to the main chance. He holds perverse views as to the rights and incidents of property in land, and he has a theory of wages which is at variance not only with the soundest and best established inductions of economical science, but with some of the plainest and hardest facts of the world about him. But Mr. GEORGE, so far as we are aware, has never gone beyond this. His views on the question of personal property in general appear to be much more moderate. There is reason to think that as regards one species of property, by no means superstitiously venerated in his native country—that of copyright in literary productions—his opinions are thoroughly orthodox. And though we pretend to no private knowledge on this subject, we certainly should not be surprised to learn that, thanks to the "unearned increment" of profit derived from his recently-increased popularity as a writer—we call it unearned because it has arisen subsequently to, and quite independently of, the labour of production, and has gone on accumulating while the producer slept—Mr. HENRY GEORGE is what used to be called a "warm man." Hence it is not impossible that his desire for municipal honours may in reality be as innocent as that of similar aspirants in our own backward country, that he sought to become "boss" for the mere glory of bossing, and that, if he promised to sweeten the lot of New York working-men by such little privileges as free railway travelling, he only did so in the spirit in which certain candidates for Parliamentary, fortunately not municipal, honours in this country are wont to make promises to the free and independent electors which they know there is no possibility of performing. Such men, if they succeed in obtaining the positions they covet, do not indeed confer honour upon human nature, but then they are not dangerous to human society; and, as we have said, it is within the bounds of possibility that Mr. GEORGE may, after all, be, or at least behave like, a local politician of this unprepossessing but comparatively innocuous type.

Still, we can quite believe that most thoughtful Americans would have regarded, and have been justified in regarding, his election as a calamity; and that they have good grounds for some uneasiness at the unexpectedly good fight which he has made for the post. No one can doubt that the one event would have given powerful, and that the other will in fact give a sensible, impetus to the Socialist propaganda in the United States; and that it will direct Socialist energies into a channel from which it is more desirable in that country than almost in any other that they should be excluded. Americans as a community understand, none better, how to deal with violent attempts to subvert the social edifice. No

Government exhort the impenitent anarchist with more awakening admonitions from policemen, revolvers, or more conclusively confute him with the gallows-rope. They employ these persuasives frankly and freely when occasion arises, and without any of the false shame which is so observable in similar emergencies in this country. So long, therefore, as the enemies of society in America would keep clear of the "paths of constitutional action," as we in England are fond of describing certain modes of treasonable attacks on fundamental institutions, the American public in general might regard them without much disturbance of mind. What they really have to fear is the encouragement which Mr. GEORGE's candidature and its results afford to the advocates of just this so-called constitutional action. It is likely to induce them to look forward to what they will think a not very remote possibility of actually getting a hand upon the machinery of government and legislation. After all, they may ask their less hopeful followers, why should not a Socialistic party, pure and simple, raise itself by energetic proselytism into the position now occupied by that nationality from which this party is so largely recruited? Why should not the Socialist vote become as important a factor in American politics as the Irish vote, and compel as many unscrupulous politicians to coquet with a Socialism in which they have no real faith as are now compelled to support an Irish Nationalism with which they have no real sympathy? That is a question which may be put with very seductive effect to a good many abstract sympathizers with Mr. GEORGE's views, and will in too many cases, perhaps, convert them into active allies in Mr. GEORGE's cause. Mr. BLAINE's unashamed patronage of the unsuccessful Socialistic candidate is eloquent of much.

THE LEEDS CONFERENCE.

ENTHUSIASM, the reporters of its proceedings assure us, was the order of the day at the Conference of the National Liberal Federation at Leeds. We can well believe it; and it is no secret who gave the order. For it was obviously enough a case of enthusiasm "to order," and it would have been strange indeed, considering who undertook this branch of the arrangements, if there had been any stint in the supply. Leeds, like TODGERS's, could in any case probably have shown that it can come out quite as strong as its neighbours; but Leeds, holding a Conference under the presidency of Sir JAMES KITSON himself, and attended by all the greatest "machine-men" from all parts of England, might indeed be expected to do the thing in style. We should like to know what Liberal assembly would be enthusiastic, if this were not the temper of the meeting, among the prominent attendants at which we read such names as those of Mr. SCHNADHORST, of Mr. ILLINGWORTH, of Mr. E. R. RUSSELL, and last, not least, that of the good knight of whom Mr. BROWNING prophetically sang (in substance), "Oh, Sir WALTER, 'BALDASSARE, this is very sad to find, We can hardly understand you; it reveals so meek a mind, Thus to hide your nobler forename its more humble mate behind." Consequently, to return to our point, we are not disposed to attach any extraordinary importance to the cheering and the crowding and the chorussing of the new political song, with the refrain of the "Grand Old Man" (we must get a copy of that song), which last demonstration of enthusiasm cannot but have formed an extremely embarrassing interlude in Mr. JOHN MORLEY's speech. Better were it to examine the substance of the speeches and resolutions themselves, and weigh in that balance which is so ready to hand in circumstances like the present the solid residuum of information as to the hopes and plans of the Separatists which they may contain.

This, we may begin by saying, does not amount to much, and what there is of it is almost wholly to be found in the two speeches delivered by Mr. MORLEY. From these it is to be gathered that the only member of the late Cabinet who can speak with any authority or put forward any claim to be listened to with respect on the Irish question sees no advantage in persevering with Lord ROSEBURY's obviously futile attempt at effecting a reconciliation with the Unionist Liberals. Mr. MORLEY speaks, indeed, of that attempt with somewhat more respect than Sir JAMES KITSON, and he did not omit to recite the usual barren formula affirming the willingness of the Separatists to accept any modifications of their Repeal of the Union Bill which would leave its essential principle untouched. But through-

out he indicated his full consciousness of the fact that it is exactly this essential principle to which the Unionists have always objected, and that, therefore, the open mind of the Separatists is not open wide enough to admit any modification of their Irish policy which might really form a basis for the reunion of the Liberal party. It is plain enough that Mr. MORLEY, for all his tone of cheerful confidence, does not see any reasonable ground for expecting the fissure in its ranks to be closed until after the Home Rule question is disposed of. And it is for this reason that he regards with so much uneasiness the suspected intention of Ministers to postpone the reconstruction of the Local Government system in Ireland until after other matters of more immediate urgency are disposed of. This, as was to be expected, is the one plan of Ministerial policy which would least suit the book of the discomfited Separatists; and Mr. MORLEY accordingly abounds in anticipatory protests against it. In particular he adjures the Unionist Liberals not to allow such a course to be adopted, and vehemently assures them that on their own principles they ought not, cannot, positively must not, assent to it. Have not Lord COWPER and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoken disparagingly of Castle government in Ireland? Was not Lord HARTINGTON a member of the Government which inserted in the QUEEN'S Speech of 1881 a paragraph affirming the expediency of establishing a system of county government "founded on representative principles" in Ireland? It is not credible, therefore, according to Mr. MORLEY, that they can be willing to keep this question open, and, in order to do so, "keep the power of legislation which they would naturally desire to see performed by Liberal hands on Liberal principles continued for an indefinite period in Tory hands, and carried out for an indefinite time on Tory principles." Mr. MORLEY feels confident—he feels certain—that he has a right to assume that "our dissentient friends will at least go so far with us as to insist that this great question shall not be postponed." All which means, of course, that Mr. MORLEY feels no certainty, or confidence, of the kind, but is, on the contrary, terribly afraid that the course which he deprecates is precisely the course which "dissentient friends" will take. There are many good reasons why they should, and he himself has just furnished them with one of the best. For why, they may reasonably ask themselves, should Mr. GLADSTONE's lieutenant be in such a hurry for such a settlement of the great question as he has over and over again declared will be no settlement at all? Why should he so earnestly urge the Unionist Liberal to insist on the immediate concession to Ireland of a boon which, according to him, will not, and ought not, to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of Irishmen? The answer is obvious. It is because the re-opening of the question of Irish Local Government will form the opportunity of the "old Parliamentary hand," and provide room for the exercise of those arts by which he hopes at once to lure back the deserters to his camp, to dislodge his opponents from office, and to foist upon the new Parliament in some disguised form the policy which the country has condemned. And since this is the precise manœuvre which the Unionist Liberals are leagued with the Conservatives to defeat, it is quite possible, Mr. MORLEY feels with evident chagrin, that they actually may take the "incredible" course of "postponing the great question" even at the expense of leaving "the power of legislation in Tory hands," and to be exercised on Tory principles. "Time," Mr. MORLEY boasts, "has chosen our leader." Perhaps so; but Time is an inveterate traitor, and never yet chose a leader whom he did not sooner or later depose. So profound is the distrust of the Unionist Liberals for this particular leader that this may possibly be the very event which they propose to await.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's contribution to the oratory of the Conference is really very difficult to deal with. He was engaged, as is usual on these occasions, to do the comic business, and did it after his manner; but we do not suppose that he would desire to be criticized as a pure low comedian. If that were his desire, we could gratify it without difficulty by confining ourselves entirely to the graver portion of his speech. Conversely, if he wished to be criticized seriously, we might give an analysis of his jokes, which for several years past have been very serious matters indeed. It is the mixture of the two styles which is so difficult to manage. On the whole, perhaps, it is in the character of a humourist that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT nowadays commands the greater amount of attention from the public. Keeping clear, therefore, of his epigrams—one of which, having reference to comic newspapers, was a jest bar-

rowed straight from Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, with the point humanely removed so as to avoid hurting anybody—we will just note two truly amusing hits at himself which the late Chancellor of the Exchequer cunningly disguised in the form of attacks on his successor in that office. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had said of him, he complained, that “he was very nearly being suspended from the service of ‘the House.’” “I wonder,” added Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, “what the SPEAKER thinks of the speech.” That we do not know; but we can tell Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, as indeed Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has already told him, what the SPEAKER thought of his conduct, for here are Mr. PEEL’s words:—“The right hon. gentleman is now arguing with the Chair. The opinion I have stated I have given in accordance with the power of the Chair, and I expect the ‘right hon. gentleman to follow it.’ If that is not coming as near to being named and suspended as can be done without actually incurring the penalty, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT must keep his own standards of measurement. The second of the sallies to which we have referred is an even more exquisite song than the other. The passage containing it is in these words:—‘These arguments are ‘thoroughly insincere. Those who use them do not believe ‘in them themselves. They use them in Opposition for ‘party purposes, and when they get into office they are ‘quite willing to throw them overboard.’ It would form an agreeable prize puzzle for the readers of the newspapers that deal in such things to endeavour to find out whom and what the great orator was speaking of. Who are ‘they,’ and what are their ‘arguments’? The answer—the pretended answer—which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT himself supplies is that ‘they’ are ‘the Tories,’ and the arguments which they ‘use in Opposition for party purposes,’ and ‘throw overboard when they come into office.’ But here comes in the sly humour of the thing. The real answer is, of course, that ‘they’ stands for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT himself and Mr. MUNDELLA and Mr. CHILDEES and CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, S.S., and that ‘the arguments’ are certain reasonings on the wickedness of alliances with the Irish Separatists, as illustrated by the ignoble plight of a party who were to be ‘left to stew in their Parnellite juice.’”

THE AGED POOR.

SOME readers of the *Latin Delectus* may remember a short and easy extract which runs, being translated, “Many old women suffer the extremes of hunger and cold.” That was all; but it was enough to make even a schoolboy think. The aged poor, at the East End or elsewhere, are a class that do not make themselves heard. Probably many people would be sorry if a charity which already helps “old men and women of useful and blameless past” were obliged, for lack of funds, to cease to aid them. Now the Tower Hamlets Pension Committee at present keeps a hundred old people out of the workhouse; but it stands sorely in need of some three or four hundred pounds for the present winter. It is one of the charities with which the Rector of St. Jude’s, Whitechapel, is concerned, which speaks sufficiently for its sound merits. The Committee ask for subscriptions of ten shillings or more, which will be received by the Treasurer, Mr. A. G. CROWDER, 65 Portland Place, W. Probably it may be a pleasure to some readers to prevent a few good old folk from losing their peaceful independence and scanty comforts. If the Committee are unaided, “the aged and helpless,” as they say, “will be the ‘sufferers.’”

THE DIAMOND ROBBERY.

THERE is a flavour of romance about anything connected with diamonds, and many persons who do not usually devote much time to that part of their newspapers have probably studied the report of the recent trial at the Central Criminal Court with some curiosity. Few of them, however, would deny, we should suppose, that they have been disappointed. The story told by TOUSSAINT is not a romantic one in any respect; it is not thrilling as a story of crime; it is not even artistically valuable as a study of criminal ingenuity. The only question of any interest attaching to it was the purely judicial question whether it was false or true, and even on that there was very little doubt, and

consequently very little material for excitement from the first. TOUSSAINT’s evidence as that of an accomplice required corroboration; but most readers of the proceedings must have felt that it was receiving all the requisite support from external testimony as the trial went on. Mr. Justice A. L. SMITH laid down the rule of law on this point in terms so extreme as to make it a hard saying for the lay mind; but even in this vigorous shape the rule was satisfied. The learned Judge told the jury that, according to judicial dicta from time immemorial, the evidence of an accomplice needed to be corroborated, and that, “even if the jury thought the accomplice was telling ‘the truth, they ought not to act upon it adversely to the ‘accused unless it had received material corroboration from ‘independent testimony.’” This, no doubt, puts hard pressure upon a rule the origin and *rationale* of which undoubtedly were not that the evidence of an accomplice when believed ought not, for some other reasons, to be acted on, but that generally speaking it was not safe to believe it at all. However, the corroborative testimony was, as has been said, forthcoming in the present case. The jury, we imagine, arrived at the conclusion that ELEANOR TOUSSAINT’s evidence was not itself open to the objection of being that of an accomplice, and so could be accepted in the confirmatory sense required by the rule of law. Indeed it is clear from the conviction of SCANDLAND that this must have been so; for against the prisoner there was admittedly no evidence but that of TOUSSAINT and his daughter. Yet the only hesitation which the jury apparently felt in his case was whether the count for violence could be sustained against him—a doubt which they ultimately resolved in his favour.

Upon the apportionment of the sentence we have no doubt that there will be a pleasingly abundant difference of opinion. On one point, indeed, there may be unanimity—namely, that TOUSSAINT’s sentence, which was the longest of all—fifteen years’ penal servitude—should be, as no doubt it will be, substantially reduced. ADOLPH WEINER, however, after being the prime mover in the whole affair, and after having hired a desperate ruffian, who, he must have known, was as likely as not to add murder to robbery to execute the crime, might very well perhaps have got ten instead of seven years’ penal servitude. The kind of man who observes, as he did to TOUSSAINT, “I ‘want money, you want money, he wants money, and ‘TABAK’s is the only place where we can get it’ is a grammarian who can hardly be too long secluded from the company of those to whom he recites these sinister conjugations. As to PALMER, the professional criminal, with a previous conviction against him, he may not perhaps deserve more than his employer. Yet men who are ready for a job of this kind at the setting-on of other people are a still greater danger to the community than those who confine themselves to burglary on their own account; for the latter class would of course be recruited from the former whenever agency business is slack.

THE WOES OF WALES.

SOME ignorant Saxons who do not understand the Welsh language may be unaware that, for the last six months, Welsh journalists have been lamenting the wrongs of their country in their native journals. The mournfulness of their cry cannot be fully appreciated except in their own tongue, but even when translated into our much inferior language it retains some little of its pathos and grandeur. The very slight notice taken of the Welsh newspapers by the London journals is to be lamented; but we hope better things for the future, and we wish to set a good example by giving a few specimens of the riches of the periodical literature of Wales, translated direct from the vernacular.

Early in the summer one of the leading newspapers sounded the war cry of the land agitation in these remarkable words:—“Squires and parsons, look out! By the life of Pharaoh, remember there is a limit to the endurance of the farmer.” Unfortunately but few squires can read Welsh, or there would have been despair in every mansion from Anglesea to Glamorgan. But squires and parsons are to “look out” for supernal—or rather infernal—as well as terrestrial dangers. “How shall the dust of the earth venture to call himself a Lord of the earth? It is nothing but an attempt to despoil the Infinite One of His rights—a thing which no angel presumed to do without being at once thrown into the chains of darkness, there to be kept until the Judgment of the Great Day.” There may possibly be landowners who are more or less ignorant of their own offences. Let such call to mind the unutterable wickedness of enclosing “thousands of acres of land” in parks

"for the sake of taking their pleasure and playing sinful games in horse-racing and things of the same sort." It would appear from this that somewhere in the depths of Wales, unknown to the guileless Saxon, there are Celtic lords who have immense parks, either made into racecourses in comparison with which Newmarket Heath must be a mere bowling-green, or devoted to some mysterious games equally sinful as racing, but only known in mountain fastnesses. Dreadful as all this is, it may make some English farmer of Radical views a trifle jealous, as he may wish that his own landlord would confine his sinful games to the precincts of his own park, instead of walking his tenant's turnip-fields or "galloperaving" over his fences.

What the Welsh farmers wish for was explained in a few words in a well-known native journal last month:—"We ought not to ask for anything short of having the land free in the possession of everybody in general." Truths of this sort, says a writer in an equally popular Welsh newspaper, should be written with "a pen of iron and lead." This expression has an ugly look when translated into English, and there can be no doubt about its meaning. The newspaper which recommends this leaden remedy says that the tenants ought to expect a return on their rents, not only of a hundred per cent., but of a hundred and twenty per cent. Now there was something strongly Hibernian about the "pen of iron and lead," but the return of a hundred and twenty per cent. sounds even more Irish. "Is not the smoke of the land question ready to break out in unquenchable fire?" asks one writer. "A land law for the agriculturalists as good, and better, if possible, than that which the Irish got," is what is wanted for Wales, says another; while a third believes "that by first helping the Irishman to get what he wants, we shall presently come to getting what we want," adding naively, "It is comparatively lately that the revelation of this truth has been given to us." Hence the iron and the lead and the hundred and twenty per cent.!

"Gladstone Anwyl" (Dear Gladstone) is the theme of many a loving burst of eloquence gracefully introduced among invectives against the Queen, the Royal Family, and the whole system of the Monarchy. "Let us hope," said a journal from which we have not yet made a quotation, "that every labourer and farmer, to the very smallest of them, will 'unite to hold up the arms of Mr. Gladstone—the People's Man'!" Now a comparison of the People's Man to Moses is one thing, but such a comparison as the following is quite another:—"Let the country next month [this appeared in June] call upon the Jesus of the age rather than the Barabbas of the age to lead them." A writer in another Welsh newspaper says that he does "not know any sin causing more misery than for a Welshman to vote for a Tory. For thy soul's sake, dear Welshmen, do no such thing." Who could resist the following pathetic appeal, which appeared in the same paper:—"The hearts of many beat strongly for Mr. Lewis. Vote for Mr. Palestrina Lewis, the candidate who is going to bring sweetness to the goblets of your life!" The true political creed is thus summarized in a paper with a name teeming with consonants:—"The people have three classes of oppressors to throw off their shoulders—namely, the Royal Family, the priesthood, and the landlords. These are the three classes that are entirely eating up the land, and also the three most useless classes the sun ever shone upon." "No master has the right to attack the consecrated, sanctified, innermost conscience of a man." "Today the principle of the equality of men and nations is recognized among us; Christianity is upheld as the religion of equality, and Christ as a Socialist, whatever else." The writer of the last sentence threatens that, if the Dissenting ministers of Wales are too "soft-hearted" to preach this gospel, there are members of their flocks who will do it for them. Hitherto we had been under the impression that the Welsh Nonconformist clergy were by no means reticent or mealy-mouthed about expressing their political opinions in the pulpit; a comparison of an opponent to "Sattan" being a fair specimen of their usual style—but one lives to learn.

Welsh is, indeed, a strong language for abusive purposes, so it is but natural that the Saxon should dread it. "The wish and object of the English authorities is to extinguish every language (as far as they can) except their own. There is no doubt but the higher classes have leavened the whole English nation with the same Popish spirit." But the cruellest cut of all, with regard to the Welsh language, is aimed at a certain Bishop who has laboured heart and soul to maintain it, even at the expense of considerable criticism on the part of his non-Welsh-speaking clergy. Yes, and a Bishop who was appointed, if we are not mistaken, by Gladstone Anwyl himself. "We have only one Bishop that can preach in Welsh, and his Welsh is rugged enough. He ought to go to the Grammar School of Ystrad Meurig for some years to learn his ancient mother-tongue before he presumes to open his mouth in public."

Welsh Dissenting periodicals can scarcely be expected to be filled with panegyrics of the Established Church; but such a description of it as the following is a little sweeping:—"The Church of England is a club, carried on by bad and corrupt men, gluttonous and drunken." It does "more harm to religion by its attempts to vitiate men with corrupt rewards than all the taverns put together." Its clergy "compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when they have secured him, they make him tenfold more the child of hell than themselves. They compass wicked women, laden with sins, who are disciplined or rejected by the ministers of Christ." A leading article in the journal which

contains the above pungent passage bursts forth into a flood of eloquence on the same subject. "The truth is that there is in Wales now a religious-political, bitter, presumptuous, persecuting, revengeful, sensual, and diabolical spirit. The pulpits of the Church are filled with a flood of priests," "who follow the way of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin. And there is also in the Church of England in Wales a great multitude of those who follow the way of Jezebel, the daughter of the King of Tyre." All this, be it remembered, is not from a sermon, but a leading article. It is, however, on the great tithe question that the hardest blows are dealt. It would be hopeless to attempt to describe the feelings of the Welsh Dissenters on this subject; but we may notice briefly the mischievous endeavour of the native press to induce the people to believe that their wrangles with their clergy about tithes are engrossing the attention of the whole civilized world. It seems that not long ago a demand was really made for a reduction in the tithes of a London parish, on the ground that some Welsh clergy were making a return to their tithe-payers; so it was all very well to say in a Welsh leading article, "Who would have thought that the influence of the example of the heroes of Llanarmon-yn-Tâl and Hendre-yn-Llanfair, Dyffryn Clwyd, would have been felt in the great city of London so soon?" But it was preposterous to flatter all the Joneses, the Owens, the Hugheses, and the Pughs by stating that "In the Unter den Linden at Berlin, on the Boulevards of Paris, yes, even in the shadow of the palace of the Pope at Rome, the savage behaviour of the parson of Llanarmon is the subject of irony and contempt." By the way, the conduct of this savage parson should serve as a warning to his fellow-clergy; for, in response to the threats and entreaties of his tithe-payers, the good man yielded, and offered a return of 10 per cent.; when, instead of expressing heartfelt gratitude, a local paper spoke as follows:—"The Philistine giant has felt the stone in his forehead, and he is now lying on the ground crying out for peace!" "The men of Tâl" shouted "Halleluia!" "The groves and the precipices resounded, and shouted back in response almost as loudly as the young men, and we almost thought that the sound of their joy agitated the Milky Way, for there were stirrings in the air!" Who will deny that the Welsh are a poetic people after this?

The laments in the Welsh press over the apostasy of some of the faithful are very touching. Here is a specimen as remarkable for its pathos as for its grammar:—"Who expected to see Colonel West, he who spoke fair words at the election in the Nonconformist chapels throughout Denbighshire, and the ministers were talking of making him a preacher, such a Liberal did they consider him; but scarcely had he entered the House before he turned his back on the electors, and contradicted his creed. There were Mr. David Davies and Mr. Richard Davies, who had been for years distinguished members of the Calvinist Methodist Society, leading the saints in the paths of mercy and righteousness; but when it came to dividing the people on the Irish question, it was seen how one-sided their opinions were about righteousness, to say nothing of mercy." But "Behold Mr. Gladstone sending a Guardian Angel, in the general election, from Holyhead to St. David's to mark these political apostates."

It would be endless if we were to quote the compliments paid to the Primrose League by the Welsh vernacular press. Suffice it to say that "almost all these wretches are proselytes of the stomach." We may add, however, that such observations as "If a shoemaker does but say he is a Liberal, the Nags that are called the Primrose League visit him, and tell him that he shall never put a piece of leather again on the shoe of a Conservative," are what we should describe as "departures from accuracy of statement." We regret that our limited space does not permit us to give a greater number of extracts from the rich and refined lamentations of the Cimbri; but, as "a word in conclusion," we will quote a fine passage relating to the clergy of the Established Church:—"These are they who carry to the landlords every tale about the tenants, and to the employers of labour every tale about the workmen; they who fill the ears of the gentlemen with slanders and their minds with a prejudice that poisons the feelings, that brings a chill to the hearths, that scatters society, and sets the wheel of nature aflame." "This is the battle of the Ages, Armageddon!"

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

ONE great advantage of the clearing away of the personal dispute commented on last week under the title "The Ethics of Reviewing" is that it is at last possible to deal directly with the very important question under disguise of dealing with which the *Quarterly Review* made a personal attack. There is no doubt at all as to the importance of that question; and it is only to be regretted that it has been compromised by the use of it as a stalking-horse. In truth, the compromising is even deeper and more awkward than might be supposed from the earlier part of the article, its general no less than its particular theme having been evidently coloured by the personal prepossessions of the writer. It must seem indeed strange to some of the defeated candidates for the much-discussed Merton professorship last year that the *aperta injuria forma* should go so far and last so long. And those of them who have been able to acquaint themselves personally with Professor Napier's attainments and work would probably be the

first to confess that, as has not unfrequently happened before, an appointment which seemed unjustifiable on the face of it has been, if not justified, at least excused, by the acquisition of a good man for University work. That, however, is again a mainly personal matter, and it has to be mentioned chiefly because the whole affair has been so steeped in personality that it is difficult to wash out the traces. Fortunately the question mooted by the Reviewer has been taken up in respectable quarters by persons so respectable as Mr. H. C. Bowen on the one side and Mr. Courthope on the other; and it is therefore possible to deal with it entirely apart from the questionable proceedings by which it was originally started, and from the means which have been taken since to carry those proceedings further.

It is not necessary to deal with either of the letters to which we have referred in detail, because each is in the main a fair exponent of a definite view on the subject, and it is much better to take the view than the particular exposition. Mr. H. C. Bowen is strong for the modern view; Mr. Courthope no less strong for the classical; and these views happen to be so well known and so sharply opposed that dwelling on the particular merits or faults of particular advocates of them is almost superfluous. We may here and there have to quote Mr. Bowen or Mr. Courthope, but it will practically be as "Modernist" and "Classicist." Generally the former lays down the broad principle that "Greek and Latin do not help us much with" English literature, while modern literatures do; the latter lays down rather less broadly the direct opposite. The question, now that so much is being done in remodelling the studies of the Universities, is, Which is right? And it is fortunate that at present no decisive steps have been taken either in one direction or in the other. For we are not afraid of contradiction when we say that neither the Clark Lectureship at Trinity College, Cambridge, nor the Professorships of Poetry and of what is called English Language and Literature at Oxford, have yet produced any definite effect or been accompanied by any definite decision on the part of the Universities in this respect. The subject is as yet practically outside the Oxford schools, and while it is it will be a merely facultative one. With regard to the mediæval and modern Tripos at Cambridge, one examination for which has taken place, we have a shrewd suspicion that the examiners in all the languages must have noticed rather a general deficiency in knowledge of literary history than a particular bias towards one way of studying that history; nor is this at all surprising, inasmuch as the Clark Lectureship has been in operation but a very short time, while there is no similar post in connexion with any other modern language. The field is therefore clear; no compromising step has been taken.

On the face of it we have no doubt that Mr. Courthope is right. We can, indeed, never say that a man must be a good scholar to enable him to understand the classical spirit; for the name, not merely of Keats, who certainly was not, but of Shakspeare, who can hardly by any possibility have been, such a scholar, rises up against us. We certainly cannot say that a good scholar must be a good judge of English literature, for the mere name of Bentley makes the citation of any other unnecessary. But, strange as it may seem in these days of personality, the use of the names of individuals does not settle the question—does not, in fact, advance us very far towards the settling of it. What we have to consider is whether the student is likely to be advantaged by being put through a certain course of study before being put through a certain other course. And we are unable ourselves to avoid the conviction that it is not only an immense advantage, but a condition almost indispensable for the student, not merely of English, but of any modern literature, to have learnt, and learnt thoroughly, the languages and the literatures of Greece and Rome. It is, of course, perfectly possible that men of genius or even of talent with a special bent for English or other literature may supply the want of such a course by the effort of natural sympathy and a kind of literary divination. No reasonable person will deny it; on the contrary, all reasonable persons will admit the reasonableness of the contention. But in framing University regulations (we are speaking now of regulations for education, not for the selection of teachers) the framer has not regard to persons of genius or talent with a special bent for particular subjects. He has in view the average man, with his average capacity of being beneficially developed in certain directions by due treatment; and it is impossible, we think, for any unprejudiced person who has himself a familiarity both with classical and modern literature to admit for one moment that the study of modern literature other than English is an equivalent for, still less an improvement on, the study of the classics. To begin with, the advocate of Modernity is met with the fatal objections—first, that his custodian needs custody, that the study of the other modern languages themselves is *manum et debile* without classical training; and, secondly, that half the influence which—as Mr. Bowen, for instance, says—"the literatures of France and Spain and Italy" (we will, *ex abundantiâ*, give him "and Germany") "exercised on English" is only Greek and Latin influence transmitted and modified, influence unintelligible unless the student knows its original form. But there is a great deal more than this. We shall again challenge competent contradiction when we say that the most fatal character of the unassisted study of a modern language, or of such study assisted only by the study of other modern languages, is the encouragement it gives to "shots," to inaccuracy, to the abominable *à peu près*. To take one instance only, there is no subject that is in such a hopeless condition of chaos as the prosody of most modern languages, none on which such volumes of rubbish

have been talked and written. We do not say that a knowledge of the only exact and rational *res metrica* in the world, the Græco-Roman prosody, has always prevented such rubbish being written; but we are quite sure that in most cases it might have prevented it, and that in many cases ignorance of that prosody has directly caused the rubbish. And, though metre—which, properly studied, is nearly as exact a science as mathematics—is the most crucial instance, there are others. Indeed, it is only wonderful that any dispute—at least conducted on disinterested motives—can exist on the matter. When we want to measure a mass of unsymmetrical material, we do not take a piece of other material as unsymmetrical as itself; we take a rule the most carefully graduated to standard that we can find. Such a measure is found in the two classical languages, and the surveyor who is without them, gifted as he may be in the rule of thumb, must always be at a disadvantage.

There are, however, it is believed, some persons to whom this argument will bring no conviction, but the contrary. Their idea of literature is "rinning oot sarkless on the public," and the very notion of prescribing a classical *chiton* is abhorrent to them. Yet even on "these Adam-wits so fortunately free" from restraint, it may be possible to make some impression by falling back on the historical argument. Let it be granted that, as a delightful American critic said the other day, we have something better to do than to imitate the effete models of Greece and Rome. Still the fact remains that all, or almost all, writing generations before us have imitated them. The course of all European literature is strictly continuous; it is indeed for the most part as distinctly traceable, with the successions and devolutions as clearly marked, as the history of any landed property in England. Short of genius, it is impossible for any man to understand even the novel of Thackeray and Dickens without understanding the novel of Richardson and Fielding; that of Richardson and Fielding without understanding that of Le Sage and Scudéry; that of Le Sage and Scudéry without understanding the *romans d'aventures* of the middle ages; the *romans d'aventures* of the middle ages without understanding the late Greek romances; and the late Greek romances without understanding earlier Greek poetry. Yet we have purposely taken here one of the most modern and one of the most loosely "conveyanced" of literary heritages. In the drama, in the epic, in oratory, in history, the connexion is much closer. Generally speaking, each professional in each stage had the work of his predecessors more or less directly before him; always, without knowing or with knowing it, he had their influence working on him. Yet how is the student to understand this chain of causes and effects? By the frankly second-hand process of reading histories of literature? That is the modern method, of course; but even yet it is scarcely accepted as sufficient for University study, though it may be a help to such study. By reading translations? But in translations, even the very best, half the spirit of the original evaporates, and (most dangerous of all) what replaces it is exactly the effect and not the cause, the modern nature produced by the old writers, and not the ancient nature which helped to produce it. We have mentioned Keats, and we mention him again that no one may throw him in our faces. But does any one suppose that (except in his quality of genius, which, it must again and again be repeated, is altogether beside the question) Keats would not have been the better for reading Homer instead of Chapman? If he does, he must carry his principles very far indeed. Nor will those principles help him at all here, for the subject is expressly education, not the absence of education. If we wish (it might not be a bad thing at all) to breed a few Keatses and Scotts, and myriads of complete ignorami (the plural is a gracious concession to the other side), let us by all means teach mankind how to read and write, and cast account only, and then turn them into large libraries without further bother, leaving them to stay or not as they like. Perhaps the world would not go so very ill then; but, unfortunately, it is a world completely different from that which *ex hypothesi* is given to us. We are bid not to let run wild, but to educate. And for education in English or any modern literature, education in the two classical languages must always be the one counsel of perfection, and may, perhaps, be resorted to with painful and laborious repentance when the fallacies of the other method have disgusted the world.

SOUTH ITALIAN WITCHES.

IN most countries there is a difficulty in drawing a hard and fast line between popular medicine on the one hand and witchcraft on the other. Even if the conclusions of the former are entirely false, they are not necessarily superstitious. There is nothing more inherently absurd in attributing curative properties to native plants than to a foreign drug. In both cases mistakes may occur, and from year to year the profession abandons old remedies, and adopts new methods of treatment; but those who still continue to employ the receipts they learned from their grandmothers, may believe as entirely in their simple and natural efficacy as those who consult the most advanced practitioner. That they rarely do so is a fact, as also that prescriptions treasured from generation to generation generally seem to have some reference to occult powers; but those who still employ them are no more conscious of entering into a forbidden relation with the spirit world when they prepare them than when they go to the

apothecary. They may be absurdly foolish, but their ignorance is untinged by witchcraft.

Between these two extremes, however, there is usually a large debatable land which includes the greater part of folk-lore, a number of charms and rules which are not entirely medical, but which, at the same time, are not purely magical. The German and Italian peasant women, who will not allow their hens to begin sitting on their eggs, and who refuse to have their hair cut while the moon is on the wane, can give no reasonable grounds for their belief in the moon's power, but they would find it quite as difficult to explain the value of a lightning-conductor. On the other hand, no one can read the "Halloween" of Burns without feeling that several of the practices he describes with such humour are, in fact, incantations which have lost their original significance, and have become little more than a game. It seems that, as witchcraft becomes discredited, the darkest of its secrets are lost, while others become common property.

In Italy the case is different. There, as we shall shortly see, the witch still lives and flourishes, and the horror of all confessed sorcery still retains a good deal of its natural force. The stranger would, however, be in a great error if he were to suppose that every peasant who boasts of the virtues of some family medicine, or who tells him fabulous stories about minerals, plants, and animals, is an adept in the black art. In Italy, as elsewhere, every village has a traditional treasure of cures, charms, and spells which even the most devout may use without incurring more than a slight admonition from the priest; indeed, some of the practices are of such a doubtful character that it is hard to say whether they belong more especially to the domain of religion or of magic. There are many women and, in Italy, still more men who collect and employ this legendary lore without any scientific purpose, or any idea that they are committing a sin. They are generally persons of more than the average intelligence, who possess a real knowledge of that part of nature which comes beneath their eyes, who can usually see in a moment what is the matter with a dog or a horse, and prescribe successfully for it, who enjoy the respect of all their neighbours, and form the best company a stranger can find in a small town. Their information, it is true, though valuable, is of a somewhat apocryphal character. If they tell you that a certain snake or bird is or is not to be found on such or such a mountain-side, you may generally rely on their testimony; when they go further, and dilate on its habits, its origin, and its occult gifts, a certain scepticism is not quite out of place.

From such persons you may hear that, if any one takes the eggs out of a raven's nest, boils them, so as to render them incapable of incubation, and replaces them, the parent bird will fly to a brook, and fetch thence a white stone of the size and shape of the eggs. This stone, they say, it places carefully among the eggs, and then sits on eggs and stone together. The stone restores vitality to the eggs, and after the brood is fledged and has flown, it is left behind in the nest. It has, however, suffered a great change. It is now semi-transparent, and in every respect except its weight and hardness is exactly like an egg. If it be placed near any poisoned food, the yolk begins to move violently, and thus warns the fortunate possessor of his danger. The lapwing is even more given to sorcery. It always deposits a stone of the size of a pea in its nest. What use it is to the bird or its family no one seems to know, but if any one finds it and places it under the pillow of a sleeping person, he will answer every question that does not exceed the limits of human knowledge with perfect truth in the language in which it is asked. The marvellous stories told of serpents are innumerable. There is one about a yard in length, and as thick as the upper part of a strong man's arm, which haunts dry wooded places. It is so venomous, especially in May, that not only will the first person it bites in that month die himself, but any one who stands beside or comes to help him will share the same fate. If he falls beneath a tree, that too, or, if it be very large, at least one-half of it, will be killed. Again, serpents of all kinds are very fond of milk. In the old days, before the railway was built, a coachman, who used to drive on the road between Foggia and Naples, once fell asleep outside a little inn while his horses were baiting. His mouth was open and a snake crept down his throat. After this he felt unwell, though he did not know why, and none of the doctors could tell what was the matter with him. At last he consulted the Professors of the University at Naples. They hung him up by his feet and placed a great bowl of milk beneath his head. The snake, attracted by the smell, crept out to drink, but still kept a great part of its body in the mouth and throat of the coachman. A young doctor sprang forwards, pulled it out and threw it away, when it was killed. It was about two feet and a half in length. After this the patient was as well as ever.

The narrators of such stories are as firmly convinced of their truth as they are of the existence of lions and tigers, and for much the same reason; to them they are simple facts in natural history, nothing more. These people are generally respected by their neighbours, who take their opinion on farm operations, and occasionally consult them on small ailments, when they will at times prepare simple medicines from the wild plants that grow in the neighbourhood. Unfortunately for the collector of popular superstitions, they have generally read a good deal in an uncritical, inaccurate way, and talked on the subjects that chiefly interest them with persons who come from a distance, even from foreign countries, so that the beliefs native to their own district have become inextricably mixed up in their minds with quite heterogeneous matter. Still, when they are once convinced that a stranger is animated by

their own love of truth and nature, they are usually perfectly frank, and not only ready, but eager, to tell all they know.

The witch is a person of quite a different character, and she occupies a different position. In spite of the real or feigned ignorance of the leading Italian journals, almost every considerable village in the South possesses one who is well known to those who are likely to require her services, though both she and they do their best to keep the educated classes in ignorance as to their doings. She is believed to stand in a direct connexion with the Evil One, and acts as if she herself shared the belief. She is regarded by her neighbours with abhorrence, though fear induces them to treat her with an almost servile respect and to send her small presents every now and then. Her clients visit her secretly, and she will have no business dealings with any one who is unknown to her unless he is introduced by a friend. Though she is not above the use of hocus-pocus, in many cases she probably believes in her profession and in the consequences it must entail. She never goes to confession; and when she enters a church the devout view her with suspicion, for they know she may mutter words which will deprive even the Mass of its efficacy. On the other hand, her gains are great, as a poor labourer will pay her ten francs for a single simple charm.

There is no doubt in the mind of any one that it is a sin to consult a witch, and no religious person will do so on any occasion. Those who apply to her are either indifferent or comparatively freethinking. The former, when obliged by social considerations to go to confession, acknowledge the fact, but not the details, and usually say it was done only in joke. Indeed, she has nothing to offer that a pious man would wish to purchase. She has little or no power against disease except when it has been brought on by her own incantations or those of others, and it is not popularly considered a sin to compel her to revoke her own spells. For the rest, she deals in love-charms, illness, misfortune, and death, which for a sufficient consideration she will bring to bear on those whom you love or hate in such a way that the fault can never be traced back to you. She can also *attacare*—that is, spiritually bind your enemies. It would take too long to enter into the character of this spell, which plays a great part in the imagination of the poorer Neapolitans. Whoever is subjected to it loses for a time all the powers of sense and reason; if he is a fisherman, his hands rest helplessly upon the nets; if he is an advocate—and it is against advocates that the charm is now usually employed—he is unable to plead. In a word, the witch confessedly deals in crime, and the desecration of a sacrament is the kernel of all her charms. If she uses fraud as well, that hardly renders her a more respectable person.

We have spoken of witches, but wizards are at least as abundant, and there are more young men than women who dabble in magic with a full belief in its efficacy. These have usually other professions as well, and some never treat for money, but only exercise their good offices for a friend in the strictest secrecy. They mostly say they have learned the art from some one who knows much more than they do; and frequently confine their attention to love charms, but they, too, carefully avoid confession.

Though all charms may be learned, the general opinion seems to be that the true, or at least the great, witch is born not made. Some persons possess supernatural powers from their earliest childhood, and can by a mere act of their will produce such results as long study and painful incantations will hardly enable others to effect. If such take to magic their success is terrible, though their reward would hardly seem attractive to most. Does the secret hoard and the sense of power which the dread they inspire nourishes really make amends for their exclusion from all human fellowship, and the horror which even those who employ their services are hardly able to conceal? We cannot say, but those who wish to make the acquaintance of a witch as she lived in the imagination of Englishmen in the period of the great drama may still find her with but slight modifications in Southern Italy. Her circumstances have improved and her methods are different, but her aims, her character, and her popular reputation are nearly the same.

M. VIGEANT ON HAMLET'S "DUEL."

A FEW weeks ago we published some critical comments on the manner in which the fencing bouts between Hamlet and Laertes are conducted on the stage, with special reference to the latest instance at the Théâtre Français. M. Vigeant, well known among the *ferrens de l'escrime*, not only as one of the three or four leading masters of the world, but also as a prolific writer on the "delicacies" of the science of fence in their bearing on matters of honourable difficulty, undertook to instruct the French actors in what was supposed to be the correct Elizabethan style. The *Bibliographie de l'Escrime ancienne et moderne*, an elegant and attractive, if not very exhaustive, work which he published some four years ago, has given M. Vigeant a position of authority on all questions of historical and antiquarian interest to the swordsman, which, in Paris at least, remains absolutely unchallenged. And it must be owned that, as far as French authors and French customs are concerned, the reliance placed on him has hitherto been amply justified. It was but natural, therefore, that the Théâtre Français should appeal to him to arrange the details of the fencing scene, which it was anticipated would be one of the great

attractions of the play. It was known that all archaeological details would be most scrupulously studied, after admitting the necessity of adapting them in every particular to the latter part of the sixteenth century. We had, therefore, anticipated that this interesting and favourite piece of stage business would at last be carried out in an absolutely faultless manner.

As a matter of fact, the "duel," as the French critics persist in calling the fencing-bout, was in itself well conceived and executed, but nevertheless fell short in many ways of the historical perfection we had a right to expect from such an expert as M. Vigeant and the elaborate preparations of the Théâtre Français. Although greatly superior in scenic effect, and especially in *couleur locale*, to anything of the kind that has ever been presented on the English stage, it displayed several striking inaccuracies, beginning with the capital fault of not corresponding in one single detail to the period represented by the other stage arrangements. Most of the assault regulated for M. Mounet-Sully was conducted according to the principles of that celebrated solemn humbug Giraud Thibaust d'Anvers, who flourished more than thirty years after the writing of *Hamlet*—fantastical principles which, for all their picturesqueness, were never at any time put into serious practice. Our main criticism, however, bore on the somewhat elaborate salute which was so irrelevantly introduced as a prelude to the competition. No doubt the additional solemnity it gave to the scene, and especially the opportunity for lengthening a graceful and dramatic display, were great temptations.

A French paper took notice of the remarks of an English critic to approve them. "Never meddle with Shakespeare," said he, before giving a *résumé* of our text. "The English have analysed and settled every point in connexion with his works." This desirable state of affairs is unfortunately not yet accomplished; but on the subject of the fencing scene in *Hamlet*—although it seems impossible to convince our English actors of the fact—there can be no two opinions. It should be, as we said before, conducted precisely on the lines of those fencing matches—"playing for prizes"—which were such popular spectacles at the time when *Hamlet* was first acted, and the very popularity of which may seem the reason for introducing such a curiously inadequate artifice into the drama. There is no lack of contemporary evidence as to the manner in which these bouts were carried out.

M. Vigeant was very much aggrieved by the observations of what he calls "mon contradicteur anglais," which were, indeed, only prompted by the disappointment consequent on our high expectations of what his rare capabilities would make of the task entrusted to him. Unfortunately he seems only to have read the extract in the French paper, without referring to the more exhaustive English original. We here reproduce his letter:—

The accusation of my "contradictor" consists in a reproach of anachronism. I have, he says in fact, regulated an assault which is not of the period. This is merely, from a different standpoint, a criticism similar to that which draws attention to and regrets that the costumes represented are not in the quasi-Merovingian style. I ought, the English writer pretends, to have made use of the principles of the treatise of Saint-Didier from which Shakespeare seems to have been inspired. And why not rather those of the Italian Saviolo, who was for a long time Shakespeare's fencing-master, who has left an important treatise in English?

However my first care when I had to occupy myself about the combat in *Hamlet* was precisely to look over the work (which I have the good fortune to possess), the existence of which the English writer accuses me of ignoring, that of Saint-Didier (1573), our first classic of the art of fence. But I confess that on examination I could not make up my mind to present to the public a style of fencing so ponderous, so devoid of elegance, offering, as it were, no development and necessitating a weapon of excessive weight even for a fencer.

In the interest of scenic effect, in order to give to that episode all the importance it admits of, I preferred to seek inspiration in the *Académie de l'Espée* among others.

I, likewise, deemed it advisable to renounce, for the disarming which terminates the fourth phase of the duel, Saint-Didier's indication, which consists in seizing *during the combat* the adversary's weapon by the hilt (*prise*). If I had not adopted this plan I should have lost the effect produced by the *froissé* which disarms Laertes, also, by Hamlet's action of maintaining under his foot his adversary's disloyal weapon, while at the same time he offers him his own sword with the left hand. As to the salute, which my English "contradictor" does not admit, it is rendered absolutely necessary by the presence of the Queen. The following text is formal:—

La reine vous regarde.

Allez messieurs.

It seemed to me, and I persist in maintaining, that two *gentilshommes*, distinguished fencers, like Hamlet and Laertes, could not cross swords before a queen without some mark of deference. And the criticism of the English writer surprises me all the more that in the recent representations of *Hamlet* in London the English actors astounded and delighted the public by the style of salute they executed. Shall I tell my "contradictor" that this salute was no other than that with which the celebrated French master, La Boessière, endowed our art of fence towards 1760, which Jean Louis perfected in 1828, and which we teach in our fencing schools?

To M. Vigeant's first argument the obvious reply is, that whatever epoch be chosen for representation, the most important desideratum in all stage management is certainly unity of detail.

To the question, why not Saviolo? we can only echo, why not? As to Saint-Didier, our reason for suggesting his work was, that he gives circumstantial advice on the particular kind of scuffling which results in an exchange of swords; and that, moreover, there are constant underrunning allusions in the last act of *Hamlet* to the Frenchman "Lamond," French fencing, French rapiers, and poniards, &c. We have, to point out, likewise, that all schemes in which the swords are not exchanged in actual scuffling are inadequate to the proper rendering of Shakespeare's idea.

It would indeed have been absurd to insinuate that the author of the *Bibliographie de l'Escrime* should not have known of the existence of Saint-Didier's work, and this we beg to inform M. Vigeant we never did. But we are astonished that such a connoisseur of arms and books and engravings should find sufficient reason for rejecting it on the mere ground of the clumsiness of its woodcuts. We think that if he compared Saint-Didier's *estocade* as it really was, and not as it is conventionally represented in his book, with Thibaust's cut-and-thrust rapier, he would be surprised to see how little difference there is in their respective weight and size. No doubt Thibaust's plates are more attractive both for their spirited drawing and finished engraving; but, if anything, his text is more involved and clumsy than Saint-Didier's.

The *froissé*, for which M. Vigeant sacrifices accuracy to scenic effect, is next to impossible with the rapier; besides which he certainly never found it in Thibaust, in whose work, on the other hand, there are some ten instances of the *prise*. Thus, to his own showing, M. Vigeant commits the further mistake of introducing styles of fence belonging to different periods into the same assault. The *froissé* only came into practice with the small sword. As to the effect he asserts to have gained by it, we beg to differ from him on that point likewise. In accentuating, after the manner adopted by M. Mounet-Sully, Hamlet's exchange of swords with his adversary, he distinctly, as we have said above, goes against the text. Hamlet's exclamation—

The point, envenomed too!—

not to speak of the stage direction—(*In the scuffle they change swords*)—indicates, beyond all doubt, Hamlet's ignorance of the treachery during the assault. We do not think the device M. Vigeant plumes himself on at all an improvement on Shakespeare, and regret the high dramatic effect afforded by Hamlet's unconscious use of his adversary's "disloyal weapon" against him and the retribution which thus fatefully overtakes Laertes through his own crime. Further, we do not quite see how the presence of the Queen should impose on the combatants a set salute or *révérence* with the sword, which, as M. Vigeant admits by implication, was a ceremony utterly unknown with the rapier. Had he read our remarks on the subject as we wrote them, he would have spared himself the trouble of retorting with the accusation of more grievous anachronism on our own stage; for one of the principal objects we had in our mind when discussing the subject was to point out the excessive absurdity of the scene as usually represented among us.

It is curious to us and inexplicable how, when such minute attention to secure accuracy in the most trifling details is lavished on the stage-management of our day, so important a part of it as historical exactness in the weapons used, and the manner of using them in duels, fencing-bouts, and the like, should be treated with neglect or carelessness, and that time after time actors should thus be content to mar otherwise perfect representations by these flagrant anachronisms.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

WATCHING indifferent racing in a bitter easterly wind is not the most agreeable of pastimes; but it was the experience of those who attended the late Houghton Meeting on the first day. The Monday Nursery brought out a field of fourteen two-year-olds, half of which were ridden by apprentices. The race was won by a 16 to 1 outsider—Mr. R. Craig's *The Gloaming*—who, although running in public for the first time, was giving as much as 3 st. to one of his opponents and a stone or two to several others, so his performance was a creditable one. The great race of the day was the Criterion Stakes, for which only four two-year-olds went to the post. The race was considered a certainty for Mr. Abington's *Jack-o'-Lantern*, and 9 to 4 was laid on him. This colt had won four races and lost but two. In one of his defeats he had been most unexpectedly beaten by *Mamia*, after odds of 6 to 1 had been laid on him, and in the other *Kilwarline* had beaten him at 4 lbs. His best performance had been to beat *Salisbury* and *Lady Muncaster* for the valuable *Whitsuntide Plate* at Manchester. The second favourite was Mr. J. Dawson's *Callier Herrin*, a chestnut filly by *Charibert*, that had been bought for 160 guineas as a yearling, a sum which she had repaid about seven times over; but she had lost more races than she had won, and her form had been far from first-class. To the surprise of everybody, she now got a little the best of *Jack-o'-Lantern*. *Archer* held him well in hand until he was opposite the Stand, when he made a short, sharp challenge, and beat the favourite by a neck. This filly has lately been disqualified for the Oaks by the death of her nominator.

We have nothing to add to what we said about the Cambridgehire last week. Some spirit was given to the first race of the day by the victory of the Prince of Wales with his well-bred filly *Lady Peggy*, who is by *Hermit* out of *Bell Agnes*. Lord *Lascelles*'s colt, by *Mousquetaire* out of *Lais*, was the favourite, and 10 to 1 was laid against the Prince's filly; so when *Archer* landed her a winner by a length, the delight of the ring was unbounded. There was some heavy plunging on *Captain Macchell's Lucerna* for the 100l. Plate that followed, and 5 to 4 was laid upon him; but he ran wretchedly, even in *Archer's* skilful hands, and the Duke of Westminster's *Whitefriar* won by a length from old *Strathblane*. After the race, *Whitefriar* passed out of the Duke of Westminster's possession into that of Sir George Chetwynd.

for 820 guineas. He has been rather a disappointing horse, and he is afflicted with a vile temper; but his form in the Gratwicke Stakes put him about on a par with the best filly form of the year, which, perhaps, may not be saying a very great deal. Backers made their third mistake—they made five running in the course of the afternoon—by selecting Cardinal Wolsey as favourite for the Free Handicap Plate. Although this colt had won four races last year, he had been beaten for every race for which he had run this season, and he was now beaten again. The race was won by another three-year-old that had been beaten for every race for which she had run this season, Mr. H. Benholm's Braw Lass, the filly who made herself so notorious a year ago by dividing Minting and Saraband in their famous struggle for the Middle Park Plate. Then came the Cambridgeshire and the Light-Weight Selling Plate, over both of which the backers again blundered; and it was not until they laid even money on the Baroness colt for the Criterion Nursery that they got a turn of luck. F. Barrett won cleverly with this colt by half a length; but G. Barrett ran matters rather fine in the next and last race of the day, when he emulated Archer in winning "easily by a head" on the Duke of Beaufort's Rêve d'Or from the Duke of Portland's Amcena.

In the course of the season there had been a great deal of "in and out" running among the two-year-olds, but in the race for the Dewhurst Plate, on the Wednesday, the already confused two-year-old form was worse confounded. At the previous Newmarket Meeting odds had been laid on Mr. D. Baird's Enterprise, 6 to 1 had been laid against "Mr. Manton's" Timothy, and 8 to 1 against Lord Calthorpe's Florentine, for the Middle Park Plate; but Florentine had beaten Enterprise by two lengths, and Enterprise had finished more than three lengths in front of Timothy. For the Dewhurst Plate Enterprise was now to meet Florentine on 5 lbs. better terms, and the betting stood as follows—3 to 1 Enterprise, 4 to 1 Florentine, 16 to 1 Timothy. Mr. H. T. Fenwick's Phil, who had won a couple of races, was second favourite at 10 to 3. Enterprise jumped away with the lead, but was soon steadied, and the running was made by Agnostic and Phil as far as the Bushes, where they both retired, and again left Enterprise in front. The favourite came sailing down the hill in grand style, and he dashed boldly into the Abingdon Mile Bottom. On coming out of it, on the other hand, he slackened his pace, and Wood took the opportunity of making a sharp challenge with the extreme outsider, the Duke of Beaufort's Rêve d'Or, who had an advantage of 10 lbs. over Enterprise in the weights. Finding that Enterprise refused to make a fight of it, Cannon wisely eased him, and the outsider won by three lengths. Watts also eased Florentine, and Archer just beat him for third place with the Duke of Westminster's filly, Freedom. Now Rêve d'Or had been a bad third on the Monday to Caller Herring and Jack-o'-Lantern, and she had been beaten on other occasions by Timothy and Mamia, so the bookmakers in vain offered 20 to 1 against her before the race for the Dewhurst Plate. The filly seems destined to cause surprises; for it will be remembered that at Derby she upset a supposed certainty by beating Kilwarline for the Breyby Plate after 20 to 1 had been laid on him. The other racing on the Wednesday was chiefly remarkable for the defeat of the favourites. Backers began pretty well by laying 5 to 1 on Livingston against The Queen for the first race, although they had a good fright, as the colt was hard pressed at the finish, and it was all that Archer could do to win with him by half a length. After this somewhat qualified exploit they failed to select another winner as first favourite throughout the day. One of their greatest failures was for the last race, for which the winner started at 8 to 1, and the second and third at 20 to 1. In the morning, "Mr. Manton's" St. Mirin was sold to the Duke of Westminster for 4,500 guineas. Much as he has disappointed his supporters, especially by losing the Cambridgeshire by a head, this colt has paid his way very fairly. He cost 2,100 guineas as a yearling, won nothing as a two-year-old, and was then pointed at as an example of the folly of giving long prices for yearlings; but this season he has done better, winning something like 2,800l. in stakes, and fetching 4,500 guineas at auction; so altogether, instead of turning out the failure he was represented to be, he left his late owner a balance of about 5,000l. wherewith to pay his forfeits, trainer's bills, and other expenses during the two years he was in her possession.

It was expected that the Duke of Westminster would have run his new purchase for the Free Handicap Sweepstakes on the Thursday, and that he would have kept Ormonde in the stable; but almost at the last moment it was decided to start the great horse, who won in a canter by eight lengths, giving Mephisto and Theodore 2 st. each. It may be worth noticing that Mephisto had been handicapped for the Cambridgeshire at 8 st. 1 lb., so if he could have run within a few lengths of the winner under that weight, Ormonde should have been able to win the Cambridgeshire under about 10 st. Ormonde started for the Free Handicap with 7 to 1 laid on him, but at the opening of the betting one backer is said to have laid as much as 10,000l. to 500l. on him. If he had but waited a little, he could have won more than 1,000l. with the same outlay. The race for the Challenge Cup, over 4 miles, 1 furlong, 143 yards, was a farce, for the Duke of Beaufort's Forio and the Duke of Hamilton's Escamillo trotted and cantered slowly for the first three and a half miles, and only began to gallop at the Turn of the Lands, Forio—a very moderate horse—winning in a canter. The Duke of Beaufort now holds both the Whip and the Challenge Cup. Lord Zetland's celebrated two-

year-old, Panzerschiff, who had run nine times without being beaten, at last met with defeat in the race for the Cheveley Stakes. "Mr. Manton's" Peep-o'-Day, who was running in public for the first time, had an advantage of 18 lbs., and, by making the whole of the running at a strong pace, in order to make the weight tell on Panzerschiff, she was able to beat him by half a length. To be defeated with so much the worst of the weights could not be considered a disgrace. Unfortunately neither Panzerschiff nor Peep-o'-Day are in any of the great three-year-old races of next year. The rest of the racing on the Thursday was of no special interest, and the day ended with two walks over. The sport was still further reduced by the collapse of a match between Lord Lurgan and Mr. Brisco Huron. At the sales in the morning, considerable surprise was excited by the price given for How's That. This unlucky colt had run unsuccessfully seven times this season; but when he was put up for auction he fetched 1,400 guineas.

The walk over of Ormonde for the Private Sweepstakes on the Friday robbed the meeting of what had promised to be one of its most interesting races; but, judging from the wretched display made by Melton in his race with St. Gatien the same afternoon for the Jockey Club Cup, if the Sweepstakes had been run off, it would have been little more than a walk over for Ormonde. St. Gatien won the Jockey Club Cup by eight lengths, and the only excuse Melton's friends could make for him was that his conqueror had had a long and careful preparation for the Cesarewitch, which gave him an advantage, as the race for the Jockey Club Cup was run over the same course. St. Gatien has won the Jockey Club Cup three years running, and now (it is stated) retires to the stud. In a race for a Free Handicap the confusion of the two-year-old form was continued, for the winner was Glenstrae, Freedom being unplaced, whereas two days earlier, for the Dewhurst Plate, Freedom had finished third, a head in front of Glenstrae, on 3 lbs. worse terms too. For the Home-Bred Foal Post Stakes the two-year-old form was yet further reversed, for Grandison (on whom one plunger laid 5,000l. to 1,000l.) was beaten by the Duke of Beaufort's Belisarius II. at even weights. The winner had lost every race for which he had hitherto started, and he had run some half-dozen times. As Grandison had run a dead-heat with The Baron, the first favourite for the Derby, at Doncaster, his defeat by so wretched a performer reduced the two-year-old form to chaos. It was said, however, that he had met with a slight accident at exercise a fortnight earlier, and that his work had been stopped in consequence, so if this was true his defeat by Belisarius II. may not have been his real form. Several well-known horses, including the notorious Silver, and Candlemas, the winner of the Epsom Grand Prize, ran for the Select Handicap, which fell to General Owen Williams's Hambletonian. Lord Falmouth's victory with Blanchland in the last race was a very popular one, and made a good ending to a pretty fair meeting.

HEREDITARY FEUDS.

HARVEST is over, and hop-picking is done; things are early on the Southern coast, and between the last "pocket" and the first skim of ice the rats are off to barns and buildings away from the sunny banks and hedgerows where they have revelled—nothing said—in rank grass and standing corn the long, light summer day. Nothing said, for it is only when the old "runs" round the pigsty are getting worn again, and the poultry-roost is scared at night, that ferrets and terriers are taken out, and a raid is made upon the rats. But man is not the barn-rat's only foe. Early the other morning, when hiding, gun in hand, by the side of a pond, in the hope that five teal who were flying round would afford a shot, a half-grown rat popped from a hole at our feet into the water. Another and another followed suit, until six were swimming hard for the other side. Listening at the mouth of the hole, one could hear the smothered scuffle and squeak that told that down among the alder-roots a weasel and an old grey rat had met in mortal combat. How the issue went we do not know; seldom, however, is the rat the victor; hard and quick as he may bite, his rodent teeth are no match for the muscular neck and terrible canines of his foe.

Instances of inborn enmity among the lower animals are not rare. Hounds, of course, will naturally hunt though they will not eat a fox; but then they will as naturally hunt any strong smelling thing, from a hare to a red herring. It is, however, a matter of common observation that many dogs, notably collies, invariably bristle their hackles when in passing they come upon the strong scent of a fox.

Passing over the too familiar instance of the cat and dog, we come to birds and their feuds as evinced in "mobbing." And here we find that the gamekeeper is not alone in his over-hasty generalization. The missel thrush falls into the same mistake. "A bird with a hooked beak ate my father and mother: The barn-owl is a bird with a hooked beak: Therefore &c. &c." So the barn-owl suffers for the sparrow-hawk's sins, the innocent for the guilty as in other walks of life. Crows will mob hawks and hawks mob crows indifferently, according as either has taken the initiative.

Once fairly under weigh pursuit is too close for the victim to turn the tables.

Riding in Morocco this spring we were the fortunate assistants at an impromptu hawking flight. A pair of beautiful wild Barbary falcons—a kind much prized by falconers for their marvellous dash—suddenly appeared in full flight after a raven; first one and then the other falling like bolts from the boundless blue—a splendid sight. But the raven always just managed to escape, now turning sharp back, now by a kind of double shuffle slipping away on a side tack at the very moment when those terrible talons seemed upon his back, and again dropping suddenly into the scrub to be dislodged a moment later as we galloped up. After an exciting pursuit of perhaps a mile and a half over a broken country we were stopped by a ravine, and the chase went on. In a tolerably varied hawking experience we have never seen a finer flight. And yet it was all for pure enjoyment; the genus *Corvus* (with the exception of the jackdaw) is not included in the falcon's bill of fare. You may train hawks to kill rooks and you may train them to eat them, but both require training. Sitting on the lawn in summer we have all of us seen swallows and martins attacking the cat. Sometimes two or three, often twenty or thirty, darting down, brushing her back—the right or the wrong way matters not—almost knocking her over in their impetuous flight. And still there she crouches, afraid to run for fear of fresh indignities. Yet poor pussy never killed—because she could not catch—a swallow.

Food, that chief agent in natural selection, is at the bottom of many a family feud. Grain- and grass-feeding animals may live at peace, leading a social or colonial life. If the house-sparrow quarrels at times, it is seldom over anything more serious than a love affair; the graver problems of life touch him not. His food is everywhere—scattered over every field, in every dustbin in the street, in every stable-yard. Rabbits, again, need not quarrel about a clover-leaf; they are so prolific that they have from four to eight young ones at a birth, and that not once nor twice a year, yet this only means that they must feed in widened radius round the holes; and so the warren grows and grows, and the tenant-farmer grumbles and growls till he loses all patience with "them plaguey rabbits," and vows, "If squoire *wunt* kill 'em, I *wull*!" With carnivorous animals, however, the case is widely different. Their prey is limited and difficult to catch. They are never, in the strict sense of the word, gregarious, and nature unaided can support them but sparingly; when the balance is disturbed quarrels ensue. Britain has lost with the bear and the wolf her larger carnivora, though the otter, the badger, and the fox remain. Otters are, comparatively speaking, thinly distributed, and seldom remain more than a day in the same spot, wandering far in search of food. The badger is omnivorous—wasps' nests, young rabbits, beetles, worms, or blue-bell roots, nothing comes amiss. Hence, where once fairly established, as in our own neighbourhood, they often increase in considerable numbers. But were nature's efforts not supplemented by the game-preserver and the hen-wife, the fox in his present numbers would be in poor case indeed, and where food is really scarce, as in the highlands of the North, the shepherd-boy can tell of many a battle in the dawn. A pair of brown owls of our acquaintance were induced some years ago to nest in a box fixed up in a high beech-tree. They have remained in possession ever since, nesting every spring and bringing up their young. No sooner, however, are these young full grown than their parents begin driving them about; with scarce a moment's pause they hustle and worry and scare them from tree to tree, until at the end of a week or so they succeed in ejecting them from the place. There are many hollow trees and—which brown owls like better—fir-trees all about; but no, the neighbourhood cannot support them, and go they must. A pair of moor-hens in a small pond in our garden do the same, apparently because there is only one good nesting-place—an azalea which hangs over the water.

Fights for the possession of nesting-places sometimes lead to curious results. Long years ago Penshurst, the home of the Sidneys, was happy in the ornament of a noble heronry. There was a rookery there as well. Rooks and herons both built in the beautiful lime avenue which flanks the Place. Save for a little bickering and a passing squabble, for a long time all went well. But a winter storm laid low some of the noblest trees; and tradition tells how, one spring day, a quarrel begun in clamour ended in fight, rooks and herons rising high into the air, and waging there their windy war. The fight went on with varying success; but numbers prevailed at last, and the herons, leaving in a body, sailed away to Cobham, the first founders of the heronry which still remains. It must have been a glorious sight, that aerial conflict; there were other trees in Penshurst Park, but none so tall as these. It was pure pride, for in the Bog of Allan herons for want of trees have been known to nest on the bare ground, and on Salisbury Plain rooks build in large numbers in low elder scrub no higher than one's head.

In the roof of the house in which we write there has been these many years past a hive-bees' nest, no doubt originally an offshoot from some garden hive. Very often when a "swarm" in summer leaves the hives at the other end of the garden a battle royal takes place for possession of the roof, the new swarm attacking and the roof-bees defending, until the ground beneath is covered with dead and dying.

Such are a few instances, homely perhaps, but full of interest for those who have eyes to see. Things of the kind related may

be observed by any one who lives in or who visits the country; they are happening every day and all day long. Some will see in them merely the whims of a capricious Nature, others the significance of a purpose deep and wide.

THE THEATRES.

VIVACITY of representation is the chief essential in *opéra bouffe*. Bright music there must be as a matter of course; but, as we frequently see in Paris and elsewhere, clever actors and actresses who thoroughly understand the *genre* can get through their music effectively with a very moderate amount of voice or of vocal ability. Witty dialogue is, again, a most important aid to success; but quaint and lively impersonation of character does much to atone for its absence. *Our Diva*, as Mr. Rae, the adapter, has called the version of *Joséphine vendue par ses Sœurs*, now being given at the Opera Comique, depresses because it is sombly played. The chief characters are a baritone, Montosol, who loves a pupil of the Conservatoire, here called Caroline, one of twelve daughters of a Paris concierge; and the favourite of them all because she has a voice, and, as her mother, Mme. Dubois, hopes, will make the fortunes of the family as a *prima donna*. To sketch the story, a task which a very few words will accomplish, she is beguiled to the harem of Alfred Pasha, in Egypt, a pretended engagement at the Cairo Opera House naturally accounting for her departure; thither she is followed by her mother and sisters, as also by Montosol, who rescues and finally marries her. So far as plot is concerned this is well enough, and it need hardly be said that the English version is entirely divested of the irreverence, to employ no stronger word, which gave the caricature of a Biblical story much of its popularity in the French capital. We can forget all about the origin of MM. Ferrier and Carré's book, and could accept the English adaptation for what it is were it acceptably exhibited. But the part of Montosol is undertaken by Mr. Celli, who makes so excellent a Count Arnheim in Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, and reproduces this character under various names in other operas. As Count Arnheim he sings "The Heart bowed down," and the style in which he delivers this ballad is the only style he can adopt. French *opéra-bouffe* music sung in this fashion does not enliven the hearer. Mr. Celli's demeanour is grave, especially when at intervals he makes fitful attempts to be lively. *Tristis severitas inest in vultu*; he is far, far from gay. Caroline is played by a young lady who makes her first appearance on any stage. Miss Effie Clements, the heroine of this opera, has a soprano voice and shows evidence of careful teaching. As regards the academic delivery of the music, Miss Clements and Mr. Celli are highly respectable; but we want to be amused, and do not find Caroline or Montosol—Montosol especially—in the least amusing. Alfred Pasha falls to Mr. Wyatt, who has not a note in his voice, does not possess the most elementary knowledge of singing, and makes a capital representative of the part. In an opera even of the lightest kind some of the characters must do more for the music than Mr. Wyatt can do; but he is lively, and that is a relief. As the Pasha's nephew Abdallah Mr. Henry Beaumont appears a vocalist first and an actor not at all. His weakness, however, matters little, for Abdallah is supposed to be a hobble-dehoy, and the clumsiness which springs from inexperience is not here unbecoming. Mr. Beaumont has a pretty tenor voice. Mme. Amadi as the Diva's mother, and Miss Marshall as the youngest daughter, may pass muster. Their humour is always boisterous, and lacking in finesse; still, they are not dull, and they sing quite well enough. We will not say that there is not a joke in the dialogue, but we do not remember one; the adaptation is of the schoolboy order, and when Mr. Rae leaves his original, as he is occasionally bound to do, and tries to walk alone for a little way, his progression is extremely feeble. We will, however, bear witness to the inoffensiveness of *Our Diva*. There is nothing in it to bring a blush to the cheek of modesty—or a smile to her lips, except perhaps when for a moment the Pasha's antics divert. M. Victor Roger's music has no special merit. He has set the score with a moderate amount of fluency, and the orchestration shows that he understands his business. Of fresh and spontaneous melody there is very little indeed. Having heard it once, we have no desire for a further acquaintance. The trick of introducing phrases from the operas of Signor Verdi, M. Ambroise Thomas, and other well-known composers is effectively played, and provokes a smile, particularly in the duet of the second act, when the distress of Caroline finds vent in a burst borrowed from the Italian master's *Leonora*.

The Olympic Theatre has the reputation of being the abode of ill-luck. The fact, however, is that so many pieces have failed there because they have deserved failure, and no piece has succeeded of late years because no piece worthy of success has been acted. The house is now in the hands of Miss Grace Hawthorne, an American actress, who appears in a version of M. Adolphe Belot's "*Miss Multon*," called *The Governess*. We have not taken the trouble to ascertain whether M. Belot wrote his book before or after Mrs. Henry Wood had written *East Lynne*. One is undoubtedly founded on the other; but the half-hour which might be occupied in finding out which came first would, we think, be ill employed. *The Governess* is an exceedingly morbid and melancholy composition. It perplexes the spectator by reason of the fact that it has no beginning. An English lady accepts

a situation in the house of a Frenchman, he having been—being still, indeed—her own husband, and the pupils she is to teach are her own children. The play is in a prologue and four acts. Three of these acts and the whole of the prologue we conscientiously sat out, impelled to endurance by a sense of duty; then we weakened and fled. The consequence is that we do not know to this moment for what reason the husband and wife were parted. During four acts—for the prologue is an act in reality—we watched the hysterical and semi-hysterical outbursts of the governess-wife in the presence of two girls, one of whom was dressed as a boy. We do not know—we ought to have been told, but were not—whether the lady was worthy of all sympathy as one who had been deeply wronged and parted from her husband and children through a misunderstanding, or whether she was worthy of a comparative amount of sympathy as one who had erred and repented. These things were possibly set forth in the last act; we cannot tell, and do not think it matters. “Faites votre devoir, et laissez faire aux dieux,” we repeated in an unsuccessful endeavour at self-encouragement; but we humbly confess that we failed, and we do not think that the gods will be very hard on a weak mortal who could not endure *The Governess*. Miss Hawthorne displayed no higher quality than a familiarity with stage methods.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

THE winter exhibitions are opening on all sides, and hitherto they show but little departure from their usual lines of composition. The principal dealers still seem to have a fancy for the shiniest and most tinny sorts of foreign wares. Or is it their respectable customers who, enamoured of neatness, of something suggestive of a “perfect fit,” force them to patronize a kind of manipulative finish suitable to the higher walks of cabinet-making? Every branch of art, and the highest no less than the lowest, is akin to and has its root in decoration; but this precision of the skilled workman, however necessary in certain tight forms of ornament, used in direct alliance with the handicrafts, ceases to be even decorative in the higher sorts of painting. Moreover, it is directly opposed to the spirit of modern art, as it is incompatible with personal sentiment or any interesting expression of natural facts. Like other mannerisms, uninspired by feeling, this one can only be made available for business purposes with any sureness by doing the same till it can be done as a trick without thought of art or nature.

It would serve no purpose to mention the more abject slaves of this sort of convention, the men who very possibly would have done worse work without it, work even devoid of such a merit as neat polish. The case of such a naturally gifted man as Mr. Raphael Sorbi is more interesting. Looking at “The Toast” (70) in Messrs. Tooth’s Gallery, or “Paying Toll” (62) in Mr. MacLean’s, one can no more help being offended at the glittering steeliness of surface, the inexpressive hardness of touch, and the unwise gaudiness of colour, than one can help sincerely admiring the superb drawing, forcible realization of effect, and intimate delineation of character. Beside these pictures which merely verge on mannerism, similar work such as the “Modern Emeralds” (74) of Mr. O. Blas, Mr. L. Marchetti’s “La Quintaine du XV^e Siècle” (73), and Mr. Villegas’s “Fête Day” (75), at Messrs. Tooth’s, appear singularly false and mechanical. Mr. Gallegos, with his lack of sound constructive art, his isolated sparkles, and feats of clever, tricky handling, produces at both Galleries work not much more worthy of serious notice. The same may be said of Mr. Oliva and of Mr. Barbudo at Messrs. Tooth’s; of Mr. Guimenez, with his more decorative work, and of Mr. Cervi, with his false hot colour, at Mr. MacLean’s. All this work shares in or exaggerates the faults of Mr. Sorbi’s pictures, and some of it partakes hardly at all of their merits. Yet it would be dangerous to say that this cheap cleverness has less *raison d’être* than the insufficient values and sorry lack of craftsmanship of some other schools. Surely an elegant specimen, such as Mr. Fragiaco’s “On the Lagoons” (31, Tooth’s), in spite of its utter falseness, is more amusing than many works by Messrs. Wimperis, Hardy, Leader, Faed, Davis, Cooper, and their imitators. Mr. Wimperis, if he undertakes such a well-known subject as “Beddgelert Mill and Bridge” (26, Tooth’s), should realize it forcibly or poetize it with originality. He has chosen the timid intervening route followed by so many Englishmen. In like manner Mr. Vicat Cole has just missed making a really fine romantic Constable-like picture of “Summer Showers” (89, Tooth’s). He has ruined the large composition by a *petitesse* of thought and hand which has spoilt the intended effect of his big sky. Mr. Atkinson Grimshaw’s “Old Greenock” (66, Tooth’s) contains some truth as well as some evidence of a regard for picturesque effects; but a boring conscientiousness and a minute attention to detail destroy the mystery of the scene. Nevertheless we feel more sympathy with these two pictures and others of the same sort than we can with imitations of what was at first hand a mere mannerism. Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians have no monopoly of insincere work. Mr. Karl Heffner never paints either very truly or very impressively; yet at times, as in “The Home of our Kings, Royal Windsor” (94, Tooth’s), his convention becomes sufficiently effective. Whether he paints well or ill, however, he always beats his imitators, who for the most part, like Mr. L. Neubert, copy

his defects more easily than his good qualities. The hard artificiality of Mr. Neubert’s “Stormy Sunrise” (60, Tooth’s) may be instructively gauged by comparing it with a really lively and well-fitted little sketch of a similar effect. Mr. Windmaier’s “Evening” (69), in the same gallery, is painted with a loose but discriminating touch; the low grey light in the sky is fine in tone and true in colour, and the clouds, though heavy, are fleecy in texture. There are exhibits in Mr. Tooth’s show still more pointedly artistic than any we have yet mentioned; and, on the whole, there is an improvement on the last exhibition. “Le Voyageur” (55), though more freely and sympathetically painted than most of Meissonier’s canvases, would by no means appear specially forcible or specially realistic in a gallery full of broad, strong, and impressionistic work. Here, however, it appears singularly faithful to the cool, fresh aspect of open-air nature. It seems made rather to express facts of wind and weather than in conformity with any tricks of handling or any formula of the palette. Mr. Munthe cannot be entirely acquitted of producing mechanical and soulless multiplications of a technical pattern, but his *pastiches* are after his own happier efforts, and no one would deny that these are superb. His “Winter Afternoon” (152) contains the usual warm sunset sky, distant cottages, snowy road, and shining pools, but how different it is from the ordinary article of commerce—one of which may be seen at Mr. MacLean’s. His favourite bituminous tones are here discreetly and delicately used; the degradation of the colours by distance has been sincerely and affectionately studied; the composition is neither common nor mannered, and the handling is suggestively pliable rather than stiffly pattern-like. Mr. Bisbing’s “In the Polders” (51), though neither so original nor so choice, for it reminds one of James Maris and Van Marcke, has much of the broad and sober solemnity of the best schools. Amongst actual figure pictures Mr. Benjamin Constant’s square and massive “Doge” (98) stands out with a dignity due to rich colour and masterly but straightforward brushwork. These four works seem to us the cream of the Gallery, though some, perhaps with justice, might equally esteem the qualities attained by other men. Mr. Lhermitte, anyhow, should unquestionably be counted in the ranks of real artists. The attitudes of the figures in his “Noon” (126) strike one as a little affected, but there can be no doubt of the excellence of the drawing, the distinction and personality of the style, and the broad atmospheric truth of the landscape treatment. Good work of a kind that deserves encouragement comes from Messrs. W. E. Norton, Veltin, W. W. May, Victor Binet, and a few others.

Mr. MacLean’s Gallery is not without a picture or two of exceptional merit. The most important perhaps in size and aim is Mr. G. Bauernfeind’s large and striking “Gate of the Temple at Jerusalem; Mosque of Omar in the distance” (18). It is chiefly remarkable as a rendering of bright colours under an effect of strong light. The blue sky, the blue mosque, the richly clad figures, and the strong warm shadows constitute an effective ensemble. But the picture which gives the most vivid sensation of power is Mr. Edwin Ellis’s “Bringing in a disabled ship to West Hartlepool” (30). It shows a thorough disdain for such trivial neatnesses of workmanship as might interfere with the general impression of dignity of a large composition or impair the vigour with which the immense force of the sea and wind is suggested. Mr. Albert Moore’s “Silver” (37) is gracefully elegant; Sir J. E. Millais’s “Portia” (29) is well conceived but somewhat coarsely painted; Mr. G. Favretto’s “Venetian Fruit-seller” is a fine bit of colour more decisively handled than any of his work of last year; Mr. Max Todt’s “Merry Party” (14) is refined in execution, and Mr. L. Nono’s “Amanuensis” (17), though rich in colour, rather lacks spirit and originality. Mr. J. B. Burgess has found such appropriate and lively facial expression in “Listeners never hear any good of themselves” (59) that we cannot help liking it in spite of a certain commonness of execution. Works by Messrs. Van Beers, Salinaz, and E. de Maria should not be passed over.

As many of the best members of the Nineteenth Century are not exhibiting this year we are glad to be able to notice good work by new members, or by those who have not come out strongly hitherto. Mr. Frank Hind’s Venetian sketches were amongst the best things in the last Suffolk Street show, and though in “Italian Fruit-stall” (53) he has not a subject which suits him so well as the Lagoons, he has nevertheless succeeded in making a charming picture. The colour is exquisitely soft and fresh, and the handling of the fruit and glass jars is magically suggestive. Mr. Muhrman is a somewhat visionary artist, but of deep and original insight and feeling. His Pastels, “Thames: Blackwall” (257), and more particularly “Peasants Raking Hay” (426), show evidences of French influences. “View at Hampstead” (222), an oil, is exceedingly original in sentiment, and manifests some of that power which Millet possessed of picking out the most dignified aspect of a commonplace subject. Mr. Edwin Norbury, on the contrary, is quite a painter of the everyday aspect of things, yet he lends energy, breadth, and character, if not mystery, to his representations. “A Welsh Hay-field” (220), and “To and from Market” (198), are handled with a dashing brush and plenty of enthusiasm. Mr. Aubrey Hunt has always done much to support the reputation of this small Society, where, if there is little of that clever and empty foreign mannerism, there must necessarily be much that is mean, trivial, and uneducated. This year he sends but one small sketch, “Blackheath, Kent” (121). That, however, is a gem, if such a term can be applied to even a small canvas which is conceived on the principles of the broadest and most telling decoration. It makes a spot of

restful tranquillity on the wall amidst much that is feverish and distracting. Mr. Yeend King, taking a somewhat new departure, has managed to get a successful effect out of figures seen under the translucent green of woods in a way which reminds one of the work of César de Kock. In "Parkeston Quay, from Harwich" (20), Mr. Vincent Yglesias has tried with advantage to import more delicacy of tone and colour into his representation of moonlight. "Burnt Out" (184), a picture of furious horses in snow, is imagined with some spirit, but the subject is an old one with Mr. Sanguinetti, and in this instance the execution is somewhat marred by a certain wiriness of detail, more especially in the horses' heads. Mr. Edgar Wills, too, repeats his last year's somewhat gloomy arrangement of snow-black cattle. Mr. Warren Vernon's "Sunrise" (207), Mr. A. G. Bell's "Normandy Farm" (148), Mr. W. D. MacLean's "Canadian Farmstead" (127), Mr. W. E. Norton's "Normandy Coast" (40), and Mr. George E. Corner's "Normandy Road in Summer" (8), are all sincere and truthful renderings of effects of light and atmosphere. Mr. J. W. Dunsmore, Mr. Thurlow Hunt, Miss A. Miller, Miss A. Greene, and others send noticeable work. "The Road to Porlock" (414) is a fresh and dashing study in water-colours by Mr. A. C. Wyatt. Mr. J. Ernest Stuart has found a pleasant arrangement of boats in "A Calm Day" (409), and good work in water-colour is also contributed by Messrs. W. J. Boddy, A. Canella, John Sowden, Richard Nibbs, and E. Falkland Lucy.

GARDENS FOR THE PEOPLE.

LONDONERS, with their wealth of parks and gardens and squares, have been slow to realize the immense boon to health and happiness which an increase of open spaces would be to our overcrowded population. Indeed, it is remarkable that, with our appreciation of modern Paris, the example set us by the boulevards is only just beginning to make itself felt. The example, however, has been followed, and the Thames Embankment, Northumberland Avenue, and that more recent achievement, Shaftesbury Avenue, go far to show a zealous desire to escape from what may be called the Oxford Street age.

Lord Brabazon, so well known for his untiring zeal in the cause of the poor, has for a long time recognized the pressing necessity of utilizing every available plot of ground for their good; and with this aim he has, as President of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, been instrumental in throwing open a vast number of spaces throughout the whole of London, and has thus contributed in no small measure, not alone to the health and happiness of our less fortunate fellow-citizens, but to the well-being of the whole population. The fourth Annual Report of the Association, which has just been issued, tells a story which it would be well if many would take to heart. It shows how recreation-grounds are a necessity, not only as the means of mere breathing space, but also as harbours for the thousands of helpless children who without them are the victims of our now almost unmanageable traffic. We do not propose to go into a detailed account of the good work done and being done by this admirable institution. It will be enough to point out how through its agency many a disused burial-ground has been converted into a quiet recreation-ground for old and young; how many a waste spot has been levelled and turned into a cricket-field; how many a West End square has been secured during the dead season for the use of the gardenless poor; and how benches and drinking-fountains have been supplied and trees planted here, there, and everywhere. There is, however, one feature of this Association to which we would call special attention, and it is that, among the many urgent wants it attempts to meet, the giving of employment to the unemployed is not forgotten. The Report is, in fact, an unanswerable reply to those who say that nothing is being done for the unemployed, and on this ground alone Lord Brabazon's philanthropic efforts cannot be overrated, nor the Association of which he is head be too warmly supported in its beneficent and far-seeing aim.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

UNLIKE the somewhat weighty Liszt commemoration of the previous week, the concert last Saturday was of a light and varied, though absorbing, kind of interest. There was much that was naturally melodious after the old style, and a little that was pointedly picturesque after more modern fashions. Another, and by no means the least notable, feature of the concert was the first appearance in England of a real virtuoso, Herr Julius Klengel, professor at the Conservatoire and solo violoncellist at the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig.

The opening piece was Beethoven's "Coriolan," an overture in C minor probably composed during the progress of that great Fifth Symphony which also was written in the same highly-favoured key. Like the first movement of the Symphony, the overture is on the whole stern, abrupt, and concentrated. In both a suave and flowing second subject contrasts with an agitated principal theme, while both begin with the startling thunder of powerful unisons. An ideal rendering of it implies a sharpness of gradation, a variety of nuance, and a certain nervous snap in execution not always compatible with Mr. Mann's admirably broad manner of reading. He

aims chiefly at unity of effect and careful subordination of particular instruments—excellent and indispensable qualities which at times, however, tend to impair the tenderness or poignancy of individual passages. "Tannhäuser's Pilgrimage," the prelude to the third act of Wagner's well-known opera, and a novelty at these concerts, was clearly and tolerably steadily executed. Three divisions distinct in sentiment are based on well-known themes from the opera picturing various phases of Tannhäuser's life. The first, steeped for the most part in grave organ-like colour, is mainly founded on the "Pilgrim's Hymn," and contains some effective writing for the wind. The second deals with the frenzied violin flights of the Venusberg music from the overture, and the motive of the third is the "Hymn of Blessing." Unquestionably the treat of the afternoon was one of the best performances of Mendelssohn's *Scottish Symphony* which we have ever heard either at the Palace or elsewhere.

Herr Klengel played with a full rich tone and great expression in the violoncello part of Volkmann's Concerto in A minor, a work never before heard at the Palace. Simply and directly tuneful as it is, though tolerably full of ingenious device, both its construction and its sentiment are always easily followed. The second subject is almost classically beautiful, and in places there is quite a maze of well-marked melody; yet the Concerto contains nothing that is really grand or imposing. Herr Klengel's solos were by J. S. Bach and himself. No music could have followed so immediately and so happily the irresistible riot of the *Scottish Symphony* as Bach's noble but perfectly quiet rhythms. The player's perfect technique and mastery of gradation gave to these long linked notes and deep descents a natural pathos that is seldom expected from Bach. Herr Klengel's own music, though rather showy, was more than empty fireworks; a cantabile section brought out the best qualities of the executant. A quick scherzo-like division and the rapid figures of the piece he played in answer to a well-deserved recall gave him an opportunity to display his rare agility and pure intonation in quick and very high passages. Miss Ella Russell made a better choice of songs than she has done before. "Deh Vieni," from the *Nozze di Figaro*, she sang in particular to the advantage of her voice and of the audience. Though already showing a skilful use of the orchestra, Berlioz's Op. 1, the overture *Waverley*, is scarcely prophetic of his future richness and audacity of style; it is quite tame and passionless, and chiefly interesting as a relic.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

IT is our sincere hope that all the young and aspiring tenors in London contrived to hear Mr. Sims Reeves once again, or for the first time, in *The Beggar's Opera* on Wednesday at the Avenue. They could not desire a purer æsthetic pleasure, or have a better chance of profiting from a salutary lesson. The Captain Macheath of Mr. Sims Reeves is one of those extremely rare and fortunate combinations of natural gifts and incommunicable art that yield unalloyed delight. The freshness and individuality of the conception showed no trace of the superfluity common to other veterans; the finish and beauty of the singing, the humour and subtlety of the acting, were equally unabated. A younger man might put more "body" into the part, more swagger and show—though this is very doubtful—but no one could vitalize it with half of the spirit of Mr. Sims Reeves. In all that makes for style and distinction, he is still the admirable artist and the great exemplar to the world of singers, be they of old repute or new. Beyond expressing the regret, in which all lovers of the lyric drama must participate, that Mr. Sims Reeves was so early lost to the stage, there is no occasion to notice in detail an impersonation so justly celebrated as his Captain Macheath. In the solo, "If the heart of a man is depressed with care," in the duet, "The miser thus," and in the famous "How happy could I be with either," he rehearsed familiar triumphs and exercised the old influence with undiminished magic and potency. The mingled tenderness and humour with which he sang the line "How happy could I be with either" was indescribable and inimitable. The significant pause before the word "either," so humorously expressed in the sly twinkle of the eye and lifted protest of the hands, was as ever a delicate circumstance in the delightful by-play. Mr. Sims Reeves was ably supported by the Polly Peachum of Mme. Phillippine Seidle, whose "Cease your funning" was excellently sung; by the clever acting and finished singing of Mme. Julia Lennox as Lucy, and by Mr. Charles Ryley's Mat-o-the-Mint. Mr. F. Storey played Lockit, Mr. Henry Ashley was but a moderate Peachum, and Mr. S. Wilkinson a good Filch. The band and chorus under the conduct of Mr. John Crook acquitted themselves satisfactorily of their share in a memorable performance.

THE REPORTED GOLD DISCOVERIES.

THE Government of Queensland has issued a warning to the investing public of this country respecting the character of some of the mining properties which it is understood are about to be offered for sale in London. The Colonial Government has grounds for doubting the good faith of some at least of those offers, and hastens, therefore, to put the British public on its guard.

The warning is exceedingly well-timed, and it is to be hoped will prove of some avail. Unquestionably the temper of the investing public just now is such as well suits the promoters of doubtful enterprises. For some time past there has been a wild speculation in mining shares of all kinds. We have had reports of gold discoveries in South Africa, Australia, India, and elsewhere, and we have also had reports that the works lately begun in some of the mines that have been known for some time have given very satisfactory results. This has induced a wild speculation in shares of gold-mining Companies which has extended to almost every kind of mining enterprise. For example, at the Stock Exchange settlement last week, the banks and discount-houses lent to borrowers for the Stock Exchange who were in good credit and offered good security at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum; and to borrowers whose credit did not stand so high, or whose security was not equally satisfactory, 5 or 5½ per cent. was charged, but the latter was an exceptional rate. Those who had borrowed from the banks and discount-houses at from 4½ to 5½ per cent. lent to the purchasers of mining shares who were unwilling or unable to pay for their purchases at rates ranging from 15 to 20 per cent., and in some cases as much as 25 or even 30 per cent. was charged. The borrowers at these usurious rates are, of course, pure speculators. They hope to sell at much higher prices to some one else, and in the meantime they submit to pay the exorbitant rates stated, being from four to six times as high as the banks and discount-houses themselves charge. There can be no doubt at all as to the meaning of this. It is that the cautious and shrewd moneylenders within the Stock Exchange have become alarmed at the recklessness of the gambling in mining shares. They are unwilling, therefore, to lend at ordinary rates, and they hope by exacting exorbitant terms to compel the needier speculators to sell, and thus gradually to put an end to the speculation, or, at any rate, to put a curb upon it. This being the state of mind of the speculative public, it is clear that the opportunity is very favourable for persons who have mining ventures to sell. The public is little inclined to scrutinize the statements laid before it, and is very greedy as to profits. Undoubtedly, then, the warning of the Queensland Government is much needed, and we trust it may have a beneficial effect.

But while there is unquestionably need for caution in regard to the alleged gold discoveries in so many different parts of the world, it does not at all follow that the reports as to those discoveries should be received with blank incredulity. Gold discoveries on a great scale are undoubtedly rare, and it would be strange if, so soon after the great discoveries in Russia, California, and Victoria, another set of great discoveries in different parts of the world should now be made. Still it is not impossible; and at any rate it is highly desirable in the general interests of the world, that, if the discoveries are real, full advantage should be taken of them. It is, then, desirable that the reported discoveries should be examined, and, if found to be real, that the mines should be fully worked. But mining under the most favourable circumstances is a very risky form of enterprise, and is hardly suited to the ordinary investor. Wealthy men who can afford to make the necessary inquiries, and who, having satisfied themselves, can incur certain risks, may well go into mining enterprise, but for poor men it is very venturesome. In any case, it is clearly the duty of those who offer mining properties for sale in the London market to satisfy themselves most rigorously that all the statements they lay before the public are true beyond question. Such a thing as "salting" mines is not unknown, and there are various other devices for misleading the foreign investor. The utmost pains, therefore, should be taken to test the character of the mine. The best skill upon the spot should of course be employed, and there should likewise be experts sent out from this country. All necessary information, too, should be collected in the neighbourhood of the mines, and it would be well on the part of investors if they required proofs that on working the mines there was a remunerative return. The ordinary investor, if he ventures upon so risky a business, is perhaps little competent to judge either of the competence of the experts who report upon the mines or the real bearing of the facts stated. Wealthy men have abundant means of informing themselves on both points; but the ordinary investor is not wealthy. He will have to depend in a large measure upon the character of the Board of Directors. If they are all men who stand high in the estimation of the City, who would not lend themselves to any imposition upon the public, and who, in the care of their own good names, would be likely to take all necessary precaution to assure themselves of the absolute truth of the facts they certify, the investor has some guarantee that the business is offered to him in good faith. Even then, however, it may prove disappointing. Very often the precious metals are disposed in what are called "pockets." There is one deposit in a very restricted area which happens to be of very great richness; but the deposit is early exhausted, and it does not extend upwards or downwards or to either side. In perfect good faith, then, a mine may be reported to be rich, and may actually give a very large yield for a few months, or even a year or two, and then may become utterly exhausted. This is, however, a risk that the most experienced has to encounter. No man can say whether the deposit he hits upon is merely a "pocket," or whether it is a vein which runs for a very great distance. All that can seriously be asked from the promoters of mining Companies is that every care

has been taken to ascertain that the metal exists in paying quantities.

It being evident from the warnings of the Queensland Government that much doubt exists as to the reality of some of the alleged discoveries, and it being clear in any case that mining is an extremely risky business, it yet may prove that some at least of the discoveries are genuine, and will turn out of extraordinary richness. Should this happen to be the case, they would have a very important influence upon the welfare of the world. Without stopping now to inquire whether gold has or has not appreciated, it is enough to say that the consumption of gold has increased more rapidly than its production of recent years, and that at the same time the production of commodities has increased at an extremely rapid rate. The supply of gold, therefore, is not sufficiently large to keep up old prices. There has, in consequence, been such a fall in prices as has plunged into difficulties many most important interests in all countries, and has involved some countries in so much embarrassment as to produce serious political dangers. Could the supply of gold be so increased as to again raise prices, there can be no doubt that the benefit to the world at large would be very great. Even if the discoveries prove very rich, the rise in prices that must ensue would not be very rapid. The whole supply of gold in the world is so large that it would take some time before such an addition would be made as would sensibly affect prices. But if the mines were to prove as rich, for example, as those of California and Victoria between 1850 and 1860, there would be a very material advance in prices and a great relief to some of the most important classes of the community. And in another way the stimulus given to trade everywhere would be very great indeed. For example, if the discoveries in South Africa and Australia proved to be real and to yield very large results, there would be a rush to the gold-mines, which would lead immediately to a very great emigration from Europe. At first almost all attention would be given to mining, and the demand on account of the miners, both for food and for manufactured articles, would be large. There would thus be given a stimulus to the trade of this country both with Australia and with South Africa. Furthermore, the rush to the gold-mines would diminish the supply of labourers on the spot, would cause wages to rise very considerably, would materially benefit the working classes generally, and would thus increase their demand for manufactured goods. The bulk of the population in the Colonies would thus benefit, and the benefit would be transmitted to our own country by the increased demand for British manufactures. In India the population is so large that immigration from abroad is extremely unlikely, but large numbers of the labouring classes would be attracted from all parts of India. If the mines proved rich, the miners would reap the benefit, the supply of labour would be to some extent lessened, and the tendency would be towards a rise in wages. The demands of the miners, just as in Australia and South Africa, would lead to a larger import of British manufactures; and, if the mining industry became considerable enough to affect wages, the improvement in the whole of the working classes would of course likewise lead to an increase in the consumption of manufactured goods, and would thus stimulate the trade between the two countries. Thus in both ways large discoveries of gold would greatly stimulate the trade of the world. We should feel the stimulus in the first place; but after a while it would be transmitted to other countries, and in the course of some years there would be a considerable rise in prices.

RICHTER CONCERTS.

IT is impossible to speak with much approval of the arrangement of last Saturday's programme, in which a breach of taste was committed by the introduction of Weber's hackneyed "Invitation to the Dance," orchestrated by Berlioz immediately after the "Charfreitagzauber" from *Parsifal*—a mistake which was rendered less endurable by the heavy and pedantic treatment which Weber's music received at Dr. Richter's hands. The *Parsifal* number, however, was rendered almost to perfection, and produced a profound impression. Any detailed account of this music would be out of place here, and we will only say that it is perfect in pure and absolute beauty. The Symphony was Brahms's Fourth and latest, which has been performed only once before in this country, in May last, when Dr. Richter gave it from the then unpublished score. It is perhaps, on the whole, the composer's finest work. It displays great variety, richness of invention, and constructive skill in each of the four movements of which it consists, the Andante being most melodious and pathetic, and the Finale extraordinarily elaborate and masterly. The impression made by this Symphony is one of great beauty and power, although it is wanting in the highest inspiration; but it should be often heard to be fully appreciated. The remaining numbers in the programme were Beethoven's "Coriolan" Overture, Liszt's bright and delightful Hungarian Rhapsody (No. 4), both splendidly played by the orchestra, and a song, "Absence," by Berlioz, with wretched English words, well sung by Mrs. Hutchinson. One great attraction of these concerts used to be the absence of the usual vocal solo; it is much to be desired that it should continue to be so.

THE ALBERT PALACE.

THE present winter programme provided by Mr. William Holland at the Albert Palace presents a round of seasonable entertainment of uncommon attraction and variety. The performances of Ginnett's Circus are combined with some feats of gymnasts on the horizontal bars and trapeze, and concludes with a pageant that represents the Revels of Kenilworth. The exhibition of horsemanship comprises a display by Mme. Ginnett to the accompaniment of dance music, some leaping over gates and bars by Mr. Richard Hull, and an encounter between two clowns on ponies. One of these ponies gives most convincing evidence of his training and accomplishment, and may be said to be without a rival in the arena, unless an exception may be found in Mr. Cartland's performing pig, whose tricks surpass anything recorded of the learned Toby. Between the feats of riding and leaping Messrs. Stelling and Alza go through some nimble evolutions on the horizontal bars, and the three Eugenes display agility yet more surprising on the trapeze. The double somersault turned by one of these gymnasts while flying in mid air is a remarkable exhibition of skill and daring. The Kenilworth Revels begin with a procession of gay and gallant riders, among whom figure Queen Elizabeth, maids of honour, knights, squires, and the indispensable jesters, one of whom—if we do not err—appears previously in the circus as a waggish clown with the respectable cognomen Rossini. An imposing and strident mounted band heads the concourse, but its sonorous music adds little to the historical colour of the pageant. The real business of the Revels is opened by some capital jousting, tilting at the ring, and other sports, in which sundry knights, particularly one who is known, like him in *Ivanhoe*, as the Black Knight, perform prodigies of courage and skill. This doughty warrior is most unfairly assailed by those who have been sorely beaten; but, unhorsed as he is, he takes his undaunted position on his dead steed and fairly thrashes his foes. This mimic affray is presented with excellent spirit. After these chivalrous shows the knights return to the arena and belabour one another with bladders, as though clowning were their natural vocation. This unseemly behaviour is of course very amusing to the juvenile section of the audience, though hardly consistent with the dignity that should mark the festivities of Kenilworth. Among the other attractions of the Albert Palace that should on no account be missed by the visitor are Mr. Pettigrove's pantomime of marionettes, and Professor Leon's perplexing illusion, of which "Lottina, the Sylph of the Air," is the object. Despite her programme titles, "Lottina" is by no means an impalpable phantasm of the kingdom of ghosts evolved by Mr. Pepper. She smiles and talks within a few feet of the audience, in full view of whom she is ruthlessly severed by the sharp sword of the arch-magician Leon, her upper half alone appearing visible.

AN INTERNATIONAL CHORUS.

ENGLAND.

LET the truth be spoken, written,
Published forth to every land,
It would misbecome the Briton
To be sly and underhand.
That is not among our failings;
Let us own, whate'er befalls,
That rust-rotten iron railings
Have replaced our wooden walls.

Ships! Why France alone could whack them,
Singly to the locker pack them
Submarine of Davy.
All deceit must needs be evil;
Tell the truth and shame the devil—
We have got no navy.

FRANCE.

Sacre bleu! la grande nation
Has no rival on the globe;
See for proof *la constatation*
Of our gallant Admiral Aube.
Powerful on the sea you think us?
Next in strength to England? pooh!
England not alone could sink us—
Italy also, *entre nous*.

And of course combined their ships could
Wipe our fleet out ere our lips could
Stammer "Jules Grévy."
Why conceal it? *Que diable!*
France can play with cards *sur table*—
We have got no navy.

ITALY.

I've gone in for monsters mainly;
Number's nonsense, give me size;
Heaviest, biggest, most ungainly,
That's the kind of ship I prize.

Yet the world with eye disdainful
Can afford to view my fleet,
For I own—the truth is painful—
That its style is obsolete.

New plans? Yes, although the movement
Makes the straight line of improvement.
Seem a little wavy;
Now, the future war-ship seeking,
I may say that, strictly speaking,
I have got no navy.

GERMANY.

Listen! *Donner!* hear them! *Blitzen!*
It is genuine nuts to us
When our neighbours take such fits on
And run down their navies thus.
I could never see what fun it
Is to do so, when, 'tis known,
Our own ships—for they have done it—
Easily run down our own.

True we have our doubts unpleasant
Whether on the sea at present
We with others may vie;
But prefer a silence golden,
And are for the news beholden
That they've got no navy.

RUSSIA.

Would that I could, though by rough guess,
Of my strength the problem solve;
All I know of my Popoff has
Is—alas! that they revolve.
Still, in warding off invasion
Ships rotating well might work,
And would doubtless, on occasion,
Serve to bluff the wicked Turk.

Let each watchdog, then, cock up his
Nose before my gate; and—*ruffles*
(*Quasi canem*) care!
We have all that's needed for us,
Nor require to swell the chorus
Of "We've got no navy."

ENG. France, I feel convinced, could beat me;
She has made a vast advance.
FR. Italy herself could eat me.
IT. I am at the feet of France.
GER. What a singular commotion!
RUSS. What a panic everywhere!
BOTH. { We may profit, I've a notion,
By this very curious scare.

ENG. { danger
FRANCE. { This is {
GER. { candour } with a vengeance.
RUSS. {
E. & F. { I've
G. & R. { They've } nor guns nor plates nor engines
E. { France's
F. { Which with { England's } may vie.
G. & R. { Others
E. & F. Vainly should I
G. & R. Strange they should not } seek to hide it,
E. & F. Far too long have I
G. & R. Wiser 'twere had they } denied it,
E., F., & I. We
G. & R. They } have got no navy.

REVIEWS.

THE ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.*

IN these days of rapid book-making it is a rare event to have to welcome the issue of a work on which more than twenty-five years of labour have been spent. The combination of authorship which has produced it has proved a specially happy one. The late Professor Willis was quite unrivalled in that wonderful power of tracing the constructional history of a mediæval building, which makes his description of the great Benedictine monastery of Canterbury and others of his writings the best models that exist in any language for the treatment of this class of subject. Unlike most writers on architectural subjects, he was not content with the examination of what may be called the bare bones of a building—its traceries, mouldings, and the like—but he devoted the most careful study to the special habits of life and definite needs which in each case determined the form of a mediæval structure, and thus gave a keen human interest to a subject which

* *The Architectural History of the University of Cambridge.* By the late Robert Willis and J. W. Clark. 4 vols. Cambridge: University Press.

otherwise is liable to be dull and uninteresting to any one but a professional architect.

It may at first sight appear to be a matter for regret that Professor Willis was unable to complete his History of the University of Cambridge; but the fact that the work has demanded the collaboration of Mr. J. W. Clark has resulted in a very much wider treatment of the subject than Professor Willis's scheme had ever included, and consequently in the production of a more complete and satisfactory book. It is, in truth, to Mr. Clark that the greater part of the credit is due for the production of this very comprehensive work. During the fourteen years spent in constant labour to complete Professor Willis's original conception, Mr. Clark has toiled through and extracted much valuable matter from an immensely large mass of burars' accounts and other college and University documents, not only in Cambridge, but in Oxford also—a line of research which would never have been so fully taken up by Professor Willis.

Moreover, even the valuable architectural notes which Professor Willis left behind him in almost every case were in a somewhat chaotic state, and needed much more than the most careful editing; thus it is but a very small fraction of the book that contains anything set down in the form in which its originator left it. This increased breadth of treatment, which is due to Mr. J. W. Clark, has given to the work a field of interest very much wider than the limits of a single University. The whole growth of the mediæval Universities, and of the collegiate system, is here dealt with in a comprehensive way, and, owing to the fact that the collegiate system originated in Oxford, Mr. Clark has been led to discuss the growth of Merton, New College, and others of the colleges of Oxford, in a way which makes the book hardly less interesting to members of one University than to those of the other. Moreover, the very superior richness of Oxford in buildings of the mediæval period naturally makes it a better field than Cambridge for the investigation of the architectural development of the college plan.

The thirteenth century, when the historic period of our great Universities may be said to begin, was one of special moment in Europe generally; and, above all, in England. During this century the transition from the life, political and social, of the mediæval or feudal period to that of modern times began rapidly to take place. The foundation of the Mendicant Orders of Friars by the great Italian and Spanish Saints, Francis and Dominic, had led to an outburst of religious enthusiasm which, pouring in an irresistible wave all over the Christian world, reached England early in the thirteenth century, and was especially important from the strong impulse to learning which was given to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge by the Preaching Friars. These missionary friars were a body of zealous and often learned men, who did much to introduce the study of Aristotle, and of Greek scholarship generally, among students who had previously, for the most part, been satisfied with a loose, though fluent, knowledge of Latin, and were mainly occupied in idle discussions based on the barren subtleties of the schoolmen. One of these friars, the Franciscan Roger Bacon, in the middle of the century, was not only the most learned and original teacher in Oxford, but was also by far the ablest exponent of natural philosophy in the world. Roger Bacon's three great *Opera* were widely circulated in Europe about 1265-6, at the special request of Pope Clement IV., who had previously visited England as Papal Legate, and had been much struck by the lectures of the great Franciscan at Oxford.

The *Opus tertium* has a special interest from the fact that Dante's *Divine Comedy* bears ample internal evidence that the poet had studied it. Some of the similes which deal with scientific experiments, such as that referring to the reflexion of light from mirrors (*Par. ii. 100*) and the theory of light generally (*Par. ii. 51*), are clearly taken from passages in the *Opus tertium*. The fact that the jealousy of the monks led to the banishment of the great friar is one of the saddest stories in the history of the University.

The long reign of Henry III., who in 1244 granted its first Charter to the University of Oxford, was pre-eminently the golden age of art in England. In spite of interruptions from foreign wars and civil discords, Henry III. was the most enthusiastic patron of art in all its branches that England has ever had. The erection of his magnificent Palace and Abbey at Westminster, more richly decorated with painting, sculpture, and works of art of every kind than any other buildings of that time in the world, formed but a small part of the many artistic splendours which Henry III. sometimes emptied his exchequer to produce in many different parts of the country. It was at the climax of this wonderful period of artistic excellence, when Italy was only beginning to free itself from the dull canons of Byzantine formalism, that the great lawyer-priest, Walter de Merton, was led to devise the stately home for his new collegiate foundation, part of which is still chief among the many specimens of mediæval architecture in which Oxford is so pre-eminently rich. One of the leading ideas in the mind of Walter de Merton was to put some check on the hitherto almost exclusively monastic tone of the University, and introduce a less purely theological element into the teaching of the schools. By his statutes, dated 1274, he required his scholars to go through some years of a general education before entering on the study of theology, and even then they were not to be prevented by the fetters of any monastic vow from taking a part in the active life of their country. With a true patriotic feeling, he was anxious in some degree to counteract the Romanizing tendency of the teaching of the friars, who came, armed with their recently won

Papal charters, as upholders of the oft-disputed prerogatives of the Pope in England.

It was the *Regula Mertonensis* that was adopted almost without alteration by Hugh de Balsham, Bishop of Ely, the founder of Peterhouse, first of the colleges in Cambridge. The following list shows the dates of the foundation of the earliest colleges in the two Universities:—

Merton . . .	1274	
University . . .	1280	Oxford.
Balliol . . .	1282	
Peterhouse . . .	1284	Cambridge.
Exeter . . .	1314	
Oriel . . .	1326	Oxford.
Clare Hall . . .	1338	Cambridge.
Queen's . . .	1340	Oxford.
Pembroke . . .	1347	Cambridge.

Mr. Clark gives an interesting sketch of the state of the University before the foundation of the colleges.

The only buildings required were the Schools for public teaching, the Senate House, and the library. But very little supervision was exercised over the students, who crowded together in private lodgings, and used the various parish churches for worship. The degree was a license to teach, which, of course, was conferred on but a small proportion of the men.

The colleges in Cambridge were at first started in a less magnificent way than was the case at Oxford. No college chapel was built, the nearest parish church serving instead, and the college buildings at first only consisted of lodgings for the poorer students, with a dining-hall and its necessary offices. No college teaching was provided, except that the older students helped the younger ones, and it was not till a later stage that lectures and rehearsals of public disputations were held in the colleges. Richer students then naturally wished to share these advantages, and payments began to be made for food and lodging, which at first were given without charge to the poorer students.

In Part III. Mr. Clark traces this development in a very detailed and most interesting way, showing how the chapel, library, and master's lodge did not come into use till after the middle of the fourteenth century, when the college buildings began to be grouped together round a quadrangle. Professor Willis seems to have been inclined to refer this developed collegiate plan to the usual type of the best class of private houses; but one may suggest that the prototype of this quadrangle plan is rather the usual type of the monastic plan of the Benedictines, which had previously been adopted, not only by other monastic orders, such as the Cistercians, but by the Friars, and even by the regular Canons, both black and white.

This would naturally be the case; the needs of a collegiate student would far more closely resemble those of a cloistered regular than of the secular lord with his crowd of military retainers and need for strongly fortified walls. The arrangement of the buildings of Exeter College at Oxford and others, with the chapel and refectory on opposite sides of the quadrangle, has a very close resemblance to the Benedictine plan; this was perfectly developed as early as the ninth century; as we know from the very elaborate plan of the Swiss monastery of St. Gall, which was drawn in the reign of Charlemagne, and is still preserved among the archives of the convent.

In other cases, when a cloister was arranged to stand quite away from the main quadrangle, as at New College, Oxford, and in Henry VI.'s scheme for King's College at Cambridge, the analogy seems rather to be with the plan used by bodies of secular Canons attached to cathedrals, as at Wells, Salisbury, and York. It is perfectly true, as Professor Willis has pointed out, that there is much resemblance between the later collegiate plan and that of a sixteenth century house—e.g. between Queens' College, Cambridge, and Haddon Hall—but, for all that, it seems clear that the Benedictine arrangement was the real prototype of the quadrangle plan both at Oxford and Cambridge.

Mr. Clark traces in a very careful way the gradual improvement of accommodation provided for the scholars. At first the ranges of rooms were only two stories high, with no roof garrets. The rooms were of medium size, and each was used both as bedroom and sitting-room by a number of students. The college authorities arranged to place a senior scholar in each room to keep order among the juniors. It should be noted that in early times, as, for example, in the statutes of Walter de Merton, no distinction was drawn between scholars and Fellows, the latter being the senior scholars, as was the case till quite recent times at King's College, Cambridge. The number of men who occupied the same room varied; even as early as 1340 the statutes of Queen's College, Oxford, provide that a student of rank may have a room to himself; but in ordinary cases there were to be at least two in each room. The New College statutes of 1400 provide that there shall be at least three men in the rooms of the upper story, and at least four in the lower rooms, with one Fellow in each to report on the behaviour of the students and to supervise their studies. Doctors and college preachers were the first who acquired a right to separate rooms, and that not till the sixteenth century. Even in the early part of this century at both Universities two men often shared the same room, as "chamber-fellows" or "chums." The first step towards separation was the introduction of small closets or cubicles, very much like those which were fitted up in the dormitories of Benedictine monasteries in the fifteenth century, or, as Mr. Clark remarks, like the "carrells," for study and writing, which were commonly to be found in the scriptorium-walk of a Benedictine cloister. In the college rooms

these little closets were not used, as they would be now, to provide a private sleeping-chamber; the main room contained the beds, and the little closets were for study, it being thought that a student in his sleep was less likely to interfere with his companions than in his waking hours. About the earliest mention of separate studies occurs in the statutes of William of Wykeham, of the year 1400, which, as Mr. Clark points out, distinguish between the "camere et loca studiorum in eisdem cameris."

An interesting plan is given from Professor Willis's measurement of part of the Legge building at Caius College, which is now destroyed. The main floor of this block, built in 1617-19, consisted of a row of rooms, each of which held two beds and had two of its corners cut off to form little studies just large enough to hold a table and a chair. In the garden court of New College, at Oxford, built in 1681, there were four of these little studies to each room. The last stage before the introduction of the present system, which gives two rooms to each student, is to be seen in the Gibbs block at King's College, where the rooms are arranged in sets of three to hold two men, the larger one to be the common bedroom and the small ones the studies. At present, if two undergraduates share one of these sets, the arrangement is reversed.

A long and very interesting chapter in Vol. III. is devoted by Mr. Clark to the college libraries and to the other chief examples of old libraries which still exist in England and abroad. To write this excursus must have involved a very serious amount of labour, and it forms a most valuable and original monograph on a highly important and hitherto neglected subject. The germ of the college library was simply a strong chest, in which the few MSS. which a college of the thirteenth or early fourteenth century possessed were kept locked up under the care of the Master and some of the senior Fellows. When a MS. was lent, a pledge for its safe return had to be deposited by the borrower; this was usually not a sum of money, but some object, such as a silver cup or a ring, the value of which was greater than that of the borrowed volume. This custom existed in most public libraries, and in the Vatican it lasted as late as the seventeenth century. Among the Vatican archives some books are preserved in which the borrower had to write his receipt and describe his deposited pledge. Besides silver plate, rings occur very frequently, with a note of the device or jewel which ornamented the bezel.

At first the books, college charters, and muniments were all kept together. A very fine room, with floor, vault, and roof all of stone, was built to hold the college MSS. of all kinds in the latter part of the thirteenth century at Merton College. It remains in a very perfect state, and still contains the college muniments. Soon after, so soon in fact that it was probably part of Walter de Merton's original scheme, a separate library was built—and this too still exists—the most perfect example of a mediæval library in England; from its general beauty, its richly decorated plaster ceiling, its stained glass, and its fine old oak bookcases, it is one of the most picturesquely beautiful rooms in England. The existing building was remodelled by Bishop Reade in 1376. It is L-shaped on plan, and has the row of single-light windows with sufficient space for a double bookcase set endwise between each pair of windows; this was the normal plan for mediæval libraries, as it was for the later Benedictine dormitories with their rows of cubicles along each side wall.

Mr. Clark has collected and reproduced a most interesting collection of drawings, representing the fittings in the most important old libraries all over the world. The combined bookcases, reading-desks, and seats of the Bibliotheca Laurentiana in Florence are the most perfect examples of sixteenth-century library fittings which are to be found anywhere on the Continent. The books still retain their chains as at Merton and in a few other libraries. The system of chaining each book involved the volume being set with its edge, not its back, towards the reader; and hence the usual mediæval custom of writing the title of each book on the edges of its leaves. In some cases in Italy a miniature picture was painted instead of the title, and some rich book-lovers had their whole library treated in this magnificent way, so that each bookcase when filled presented the appearance of a series of delicately executed pictures set close together. An extremely beautiful library of this sort, dating from the early part of the sixteenth century, was sold a few years ago in London. The collection came from a Venetian palace, where it had remained undisturbed ever since it was formed and decorated. The picture on the edge of each book was either a portrait figure of the author or else some scene illustrating the subject of the work.

Mr. Clark gives good illustrations of the very perfect early seventeenth-century fittings of the libraries of Trinity Hall and St. John's. The latter library and that of Trinity College, built by Wren, are among the noblest apartments of the kind to be seen in any country. A very interesting drawing by Professor Willis shows the old method of chaining the books, with rings sliding on a rod, the ends of which were secured by a lock and key.

The structural history of each college and its architectural peculiarities are very fully and accurately dealt with by help of the internal evidence of the structures, by the college documents, and by the further aid of old maps and drawings. The highest praise is due to Mr. Clark for his unsparing labour in searching out and working through all possible sources of information. In some cases the recent destruction of valuable old buildings, such as the chapel of St. John's and the Legge block at Caius, gives a very exceptional value to the careful measured drawings which Professor Willis had made many years ago.

It is interesting to note that the periods of highest architectural development did not exist contemporaneously at Oxford and Cambridge, but the one succeeded the other. The chief architectural splendour of Oxford began at the end of the thirteenth century with the buildings of Walter de Merton, and continued till the end of the fifteenth century. In Cambridge, mainly owing to the want of good building stone and the difficulty of carriage through the Fen country, real architectural magnificence did not begin till the reign of Henry VI. Thus Oxford is immeasurably richer in its noble examples of mediæval buildings. From the sixteenth century onwards the reverse is the case. In Oxford the mediæval tradition of design survived even as late as the time of Charles II., but in a very dull and debased form. Cambridge, on the other hand, was foremost in England to adopt the new style which arose in Italy under the influence of the classical revival, and Cambridge still possesses a number of buildings which are exceptionally graceful specimens of the Later Renaissance. The "Honour Gate" of Caius College, built soon after 1573, the east and south ranges of Clare Hall, 1635-56, and the eastern block of Christ's College, of about the same date, are among the best examples of their style in England, very delicate in detail and full of graceful harmony in their proportions. The recent introduction of large sheets of plate-glass in place of the smaller panes in the Hall of Clare has gone far to disfigure one of the best façades in the University. The immense importance of the subdivisions of window openings as a means of giving scale to a building is a point which requires some slight æsthetic knowledge to appreciate.

One of the great features of this excellent work is its copious illustration with plans and woodcuts. Mr. Clark has reproduced on a reduced scale the whole set of Loggan's fine views of the colleges of Cambridge, which were drawn between 1675 and 1689, and of course show an immense amount of what is now lost or transformed. The plans are managed in a very ingenious way, which has never before been used in any English work. The later additions and alterations of each college are printed on transparent linen, fitted over the plan of the older parts, so that the relative positions of the successive sets of buildings can be seen at once. The fourth volume consists wholly of these instructive historical plans.

It is impossible in an article like this to give even the barest mention of a great part of this copious work, which combines breadth of subject with minute detail of treatment in a way which makes it a model of its kind, of value and interest alike to the antiquary, the historian, and the student of the life and manners of our forefathers.

GYCIA.*

MR. LEWIS MORRIS, now no longer (as we observe with pleasure and not without a certain modest pride) "of Penbryn," remarks in his preface that *Gycia* was written with a view to dramatic representation, and should, therefore, be judged by its readers rather as an acting play than as a dramatic poem. In doing this he is of course perfectly within his rights, and has adopted a distinction which is very generally recognized nowadays, adopting it, too, in a much better sense than do those who reverse the application, and claim to be judged only as framers of dramatic poems which confessedly will not act. At the same time we are bound to say that we think it a bad distinction—a distinction based upon an erroneous theory, and only likely to conduce to faulty practice. A vast deal has been written about the causes of dramatic decay; but we can hardly think of anything more likely to produce this decay than the undoubted growth of the idea that an acting play and a dramatic poem are two different things, which may, perhaps which should, be found in partnership, but which are perfectly entitled to trade on their separate accounts if they choose. Of one thing we are quite certain, that none of the great dramatic poems of the world was ever written except as an acting play; and of another thing we are not much less certain, that, on the serious side of the drama and in verse, very few, if any, good acting plays were ever written without a view to their being also dramatic poems. Doubtless Mr. Lewis Morris has attempted to keep the two objects before his mind. But the mere allowance that they are two and not one—the mere concession that they may be separated, and that the Elector may be damned without the Devil getting hold of the Bishop—is likely, we should say, to have a bad effect on the worker, and has, as we think we can see, actually had a bad effect on his work.

In taking up any dramatic work of Mr. Lewis Morris, the critic of absolute impartiality sees that his author has some special drawbacks for his new vocation, but that the new vocation might possibly enable him to guard himself against some faults which he exhibited in his earliest work, which were glaring in the *Epic of Hades*, and which reached their climax in *Songs Unsung*. Mr. Morris's loose and flaccid versification, his besetting sin of commonplaceness in phrase and epithet, his ordinary prettiness at best, and his slipshod slovenliness at worst, make a bad outfit for the poetical drama. On the other hand, it was quite possible that the animation and concentration of thought lent by a good dramatic theme might brace and invigorate him, startle him out of the fatal vulgarity (in the proper, not the offensive, sense of the

* *Gycia*. By Lewis Morris. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

word) which is his bane, and, as great enterprises have sometimes done with apparently mediocre persons, develop in him unexpected powers. One good thing can be unhesitatingly said of him—he has chosen a really good and unbackneyed subject, and has had the good sense to follow the greatest examples in not tampering to any important degree with the story beyond that varying of motives and occasional splitting up of characters which the necessities of the drama demand and which the practice of the best dramatists permits. Asander, son of the King of Bosphorus, is induced by his father and his father's chief adviser Lysimachus to consent to a marriage with Gycia, daughter of the Archon of the neighbouring and hitherto hostile Republic of Cherson. He is unwilling, but does at last consent, taking at the same time two mutually inconsistent engagements—one publicly to the embassy which proposes the marriage, never to return from Cherson to Bosphorus and to forswear his country; the other privately to Lysimachus and his father, never to forget his country and to set her well above everything else. This is the first dramatic slip which Mr. Morris makes, for the contradictory engagements are not only inconsistent with each other, but with Asander's character (he is represented as a frank and generous young soldier), they alienate the sympathies of the reader and they confuse the issue. However, Asander sets out unwillingly enough for Cherson, but falls head over ears in love with Gycia, as she does with him. They marry and live in perfect happiness for two years. The tragic dénouement is brought about by the combined action of two different sets of causes. The first set consists of the resentment of Asander at the refusal of permission to him to go and see his dying father, and the consequent handle which Lysimachus obtains, and by working which he induces the Prince to consent to the clandestine importation of a body of soldiers from Bosphorus to overthrow the liberties of Cherson. The second consists of what may be called the cross loves of a certain Irene and her brother Theodorus for Asander and Gycia—loves in each case rejected, but serving, under the management of Irene herself and of Lysimachus, as instruments for breeding dissension between husband and wife. Finally Gycia discovers (by a very improbable and improbably-brought-about accident) the presence of the conspirators in her palace, sets her duty to the State above her affection for her husband, reveals the plot to the Senators of Cherson on promise of no bloodshed, and, when the faithless Republicans have kept their promise to the ear and broken it to the sense by surrounding the palace with combustibles and burning the men of Bosphorus alive, stabs herself on her dead husband's body.

We have no very great fault to find with the story, though it would have been better if Mr. Morris had not gone out of his way to hamper himself with Asander's double engagements and reluctant assent to the conspiracy, and had gone out of his way to alter the improbable incident of large numbers of conspirators being mustered, privily imported, and actually drilled in buildings partly inhabited by the enemy, so that the mere accidental sliding of a panel betrays the mystery. The self-deception of Gycia as to the terms she has got for her husband is not unnatural in itself, but might have been made to appear more natural in the play. But still there is no very great fault to find with the actual scenario, and it would have been perfectly possible to write on it, with very slight alteration at any rate, a vigorous and affecting tragedy. Unluckily it is impossible to say that Mr. Lewis Morris has done this. His characters are better than his verse, but even his characters are far from good. Gycia, fanatically devoted to the State, passionately fond of her husband, a little imperious and jealous, but whole-hearted, is much the best. But here at the last moment Mr. Morris has made one of those fatal faults which the great poets never could have made. In her dying speech she bids Theodorus

Kiss me, good Theodorus :
I am no more a wife.

Theodorus is a virtuous and rather an ill-treated person, and no one need grudge him his kiss. But that Gycia, in despair at her husband's death, on the very point of stabbing herself to rejoin him, should assure Mrs. Grundy that Theodorus may kiss her because for the space of five minutes she is "no more a wife," is exactly one of those strokes which must make every one say, "Cousin Morris, you will never be a dramatic poet." It is not only that no dramatic poet would do it; but that it produces the directly opposite and contrary effect to the final strokes of the great dramatic poets. When we read the last, or nearly the last, words of Cleopatra or of Othello, or of Vittoria or of De Flores, their great consistency in death sets the final crown on the poet's expressive skill. Mr. Lewis Morris gives us the last, or nearly the last, hearing of Gycia (for she talks a little after, but not much to any purpose) as mincing out, "You may kiss me. I am not a married woman. There is nothing improper about it, I assure you."

Another and a similar blemish is the ugly, unnatural, and quite unnecessary attempt of Irene to embroil Asander with her brother and with his wife by falsely asserting that he had not only slighted her love but betrayed it in the basest fashion. But although none of the other characters have such positive blots in them as this, they are almost all weakly presented and leave little effect on the reader's mind. One, indeed, does produce an effect, but it is a very terrible one. This is the comic character Megacles, a kind of "Mercury de Brézé" of Bosphorus, who tries in vain to instruct the citizens of Cherson in Court ceremonials, pays court to an

elderly and Gilbertine lady named Melissa, and talks interminably in a style which is apparently intended for a modernizing of Shakspeare's comic characters, and which enables us, almost for the first time, to understand why some people do not consider those characters amusing. If Megacles seems to be like a Shakspearian character to Mr. Lewis Morris—who, as we admit freely, has very much the poetical taste of the average Briton—very likely Shakspearian characters seem to some average Britons to be like Megacles. In which case we do not wonder that they do not like them. Here is a good specimen of this dreadful Chamberlain:—

Meg. My lords, I pray you leave these frivolities, and let us come to serious matters. Think, I beg you, in what a painful position I am placed. I am to go, without proper notice, as Master of the Ceremonies of the Court of Bosphorus, to conduct an important Court-ceremonial with a pack of scurvy knaves, who, I will be bound, hardly know the difference between an Illustrious and a Respectable, or a Respectable and an Honourable. I must do my best to arrange all decently and in order, and as near as may be to the Imperial model, and all these matters I have to devise on ship-board, tossed about on that villainous Euxine, with a smell of pitch everywhere, and sea-sickness in my stomach. And when I get to Cherson, if ever I do get there alive, I have not the faintest idea whom I am to consult with—whether there is a Count of the Palace or anybody, in fact. I dare say there is nobody; I am sure there is nobody. A marriage of the heir apparent is a very serious affair, let me tell you. What a comfort it is that I have got the last edition of that precious work of the divine Theodosius on Dignities! If it were not for that, I should go mad.

And here one of the verse passages of the play at their best:—

Asan. Come, Gycia, let us take the soft sweet air
Beneath the star of love. The festive lights
Still burn within the hall, where late we twain
Troth-plighted sate, and I from out thine eyes
Drank long, deep draughts of love stronger than wine.
And still the minstrels sound their dulcet strains,
Which then I heard not, since my ears were filled
With the sweet music of thy voice. My sweet,
How blest it is, left thus alone with love,
To hear the love-lorn nightingales complain
Beneath the star-gemmed heavens, and drink cool airs
Fresh from the summer sea! There sleeps the main
Which once I crossed unwilling. Was it years since,
In some old vanished life, or yesterday?
When saw I last my father and the shores
Of Bosphorus? Was it days since, or years,
Tell me, thou fair enchantress, who hast wove
So strong a spell around me?

Gycia. Nay, my lord;
Tell thou me first what magic 'tis hath turned
A woman who had scoffed so long at love
Until to-day—to-day, whose blessed night
Is hung so thick with stars—to feel as I,
That I have found the twin life which the gods
Retained when mine was fashioned, and must turn
To what so late was strange, as the flower turns
To the sun; ay, though he withers her, or clouds
Come 'twixt her and her light, turns still to him,
And only gazing lives.

This will show fairly enough what the general merit of the verse of *Gycia* is. It is decidedly better than Mr. Morris at his worst, and is perhaps freer from his most ludicrous commonplaces than most of his other books. There is, indeed, the same perpetual echo of other men's work—an echo which does not amount to plagiarism, but which is fatal to any claim of originality—the same limps of epithet and platitude of image. But these evil qualities are exemplified in rather less striking and quotable examples than before, and, in comparison with at least some practitioners of the acting poetical drama, Mr. Morris is almost worthy of admiration. *Parmis les Wills un Morris est facilement roi.*

REMINISCENCES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

MR. RICE has constructed a new biography of Mr. Lincoln on an ingenious and original plan. Between thirty and forty survivors have supplied him with personal recollections of the President; and Mr. Rice has been content to prefix to the compilation a short but satisfactory introduction. The contributors, with two or three exceptions, have personal impressions to communicate. Mr. Henry Ward Beecher and Mr. Walt Whitman, who appear to have known little or nothing of Mr. Lincoln, have probably been included in the list of writers on account of their eminence or notoriety. The only objection to the book is its inordinate bulk. In a future edition it ought to be divided into two portable volumes. The portraits which are annexed of all or most of the writers are interesting, though some of Mr. Lincoln's admirers seem, like himself, not to be remarkable for personal beauty. A few of them, including Mr. Cassius Clay, are bent on recording their own merits and grievances rather than their observations of the character of the President. Mr. Clay supposes himself to have been persecuted by Mr. Seward and other persons in authority, and to have been inadequately protected by Mr. Lincoln. Perhaps the Secretary of State may have seen some absurdity in a despatch of Mr. Clay's when Minister at St. Petersburg, in which he informed his Government that at his first interview the Emperor addressed him "in excellent American." Mr. Rice's correspondents for the most part confine themselves to their proper subject, and there is little conflict in their testimony. One enthusiast asserts that Mr. Lincoln was the

* *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln by Distinguished Men of his Time.* Collected and Edited by Allen Thorndyke Rice. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1886.

greatest man that ever lived. Nearly all the others agree in the conclusion that he was a great man, though they may not think it necessary to institute sweeping comparisons of their hero with Cæsar or Alexander the Great. Those who had means of judging of his official character and career are for the most part convinced that he was master of a Cabinet which included some members of high ability and reputation. Mr. Seward, Mr. Stanton, and Mr. Chase had all been probable or actual candidates for the Presidency, and they were all competitors with Mr. Lincoln for the next nomination. As the result showed, the great majority of the people agreed in recognizing Mr. Lincoln's paramount claims; but one of the writers in the present volume states that he had comparatively few supporters in the Senate or the House. Mr. Rice furnishes an interesting proof that, at least on some occasions, the President asserted his authority over the Secretary of State, in the form of a facsimile copy of Mr. Seward's Circular to the American Ministers in Europe at the beginning of the war, with the President's erasures and corrections. In every instance the alterations rendered the document less offensive, though provocation enough remained to account for much of the unfriendly feeling which was afterwards felt in England.

There is, as might be expected, some difference of opinion as to the relations between Mr. Lincoln and his Ministers. One of the writers astutely observes that he judged of the President's feelings to Mr. Seward, not by what he said himself, but from occasional remarks by Mrs. Lincoln. Among other phrases she called Mr. Seward "an Abolition sneak," while her husband neither checked her interference in the conversation, nor took any notice of her language. Mr. Seward might be excused for the disappointment which he felt when Mr. Lincoln became the nominee of the Republican party. He was himself a leading member of the Senate, with a high reputation throughout the North, and his opposition to slavery was more pronounced than that of his competitor. It appeared that Mr. Lincoln had virtually secured his election by his speeches two years before, when he unsuccessfully contested with Mr. Douglas the seat in the Senate for Illinois. The two hostile candidates made a joint tour through a part of the State, and held seven or eight public discussions. There was something to say for the practice; but it was probably found inconvenient, as it has since become obsolete. Mr. Douglas was a Democrat; but he was loyal to the Union. Mr. Lincoln represented a more simple policy, and in the course of the Illinois State canvass he proved himself for the first time an orator of a high order. His vigorous eloquence was preferred to the more polished style of Mr. Seward; and perhaps the country was better served by the two rivals as President and Minister than by any other combination which could at that time have been formed. Mr. Usher, in his notice of Mr. Lincoln, records Mr. Seward's explanation of a well-known speech, in which he confidently announced that the trouble with the South would be settled in sixty days. In a later speech Mr. Seward stated that his language was deliberately used with the purpose of deceiving an enemy. Jefferson Davis at the time of the Presidential election controlled the Senate and the House, "and," said Mr. Seward, "when I made that speech, the electoral vote was not counted, and I knew it never would be, if Jeff. Davis believed there would be war. We both knew that he was to be President of the Southern Confederacy, and that I was to be Secretary of State under Mr. Lincoln. I wanted the vote counted, and Lincoln inaugurated. I had to deceive Davis, and I did it. That's why I said it would all be settled in sixty days." The apology may be sound, but it has much the appearance of an afterthought. The refusal of Congress to perform its plain duty of counting the votes could at most have caused temporary annoyance and confusion. If Mr. Seward knew at the time that Mr. Davis was to be President of a Southern Confederacy, he can scarcely have hoped to deceive for any intelligible purpose the chief of the Secession. Most men in explaining their conduct on points which have been exposed to criticism are liable to mistakes, not as to their acts so much as to their reasons. Mr. Seward probably hoped that his sanguine prophecy would tend to secure its own fulfilment.

Mr. Chase appears to have been more hostile to the President than Mr. Seward, though he was perhaps actuated rather by ambition than by personal ill will. General Butler reports his own warning to Mr. Lincoln that Mr. Chase was employing all his official resources as Secretary of the Treasury to secure his own nomination at the next Presidential election. Mr. Lincoln professed to think that Mr. Chase's conduct was natural; and his experienced adviser entirely agreed with him. He further explained that he blamed not Mr. Chase, but the President himself, for the opportunities which he allowed to a formidable opponent. Eventually Mr. Chase resigned his place in the Cabinet, and the President soon afterwards appointed him to the high office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. A curious picture of Cabinet proceedings is furnished in Mr. Usher's account of the issue of the Proclamation by which the slaves in the rebel States were emancipated. Mr. Lincoln had, in pursuance of a previous understanding, exempted from the operation of the new law a district of Virginia which has elected representatives to Congress. Mr. Chase and other ministers withdrew their objection when they found that the President had made a promise, but they said that there was still a doubt whether the Virginian representatives would be allowed to take their seats. "Mr. Lincoln rose from his seat, apparently irritated, and walked rapidly backwards and forwards across his room. Looking over his shoulder at Mr. Chase he said, 'There it is, sir. I am to be bullied by Congress, am

I? If I do, I'll be durned.'" It is fair to admit that, if the numerous fragmentary biographers of the President are to be trusted, he seldom gave way to irritation. It was at an early stage of the connexion between the Secretary of the Treasury and the President that Mr. Chase described Mr. Lincoln as "a cunning clown." Anger is proverbially clearheaded in discerning the weakest point in the character of its object. Mr. Lincoln was both naturally and of set purpose homely in manner; and his incessant flow of comic stories enabled his enemies to describe him as a jester. Some of his admirers admit that he had a vein of cunning which is often associated with rustic simplicity. He was, and he professed to be, one of what he called "the plain people"—*Rusticus, abnormis sapiens*. It was a gross libel to describe as a clown a statesman and an orator who had raised himself from the humblest station by unaided ability. It is certain that, though he might often be laughed with, he was not a man to be laughed at. Though his early struggles redounded to his honour, it is not uninteresting to learn from Mr. Conness, if his memory may be trusted, that the legendary rail-splitter never split a rail in his life. When, after his election, people coming to congratulate him brought on their shoulders some of his own supposed workmanship in the form of rails, he very sensibly thought it better not to check their enthusiasm. "The loose tradition, originating in the enthusiasm and cunning of his followers, has now passed into the realm of accepted facts," Mr. Conness derived his information from Mr. Lincoln himself; but it is hard to ascertain the truth of any historical statement. An equally credible witness, Mr. Leonard Swift, asserts, also on Mr. Lincoln's authority, that, in partnership with one of his cousins, Lincoln "that winter took the job of splitting rails at a fixed price per hundred." Another witness records an agreement by which Lincoln was to split a certain number of rails in exchange for a piece of cloth large enough to make a pair of trousers.

When statements of fact are mixed up with expressions of opinion, there are naturally wider variations. The reader of the present volume will find it difficult to ascertain the real feeling of Mr. Lincoln as to the abolition of slavery. At the time of his election, and during the early campaigns, he was averse to all proposals for interfering with Southern institutions. His hatred of slavery was genuine and strong, and he was through life opposed to its extension; but he was loth to violate the Constitution, and he cherished as long as possible the hope that the war would end in the voluntary return of the seceding States to the Union. One of Mr. Rice's contributors proves in an elaborate argument that the Emancipation proclamation was inconsistent both with municipal and with international law. As General Halleck acutely remarked, a paper conquest was worse than a paper blockade. The States to which the Proclamation applied were at the time absolute masters of their own soil. If they were enemies, they were independent, while, as citizens of the Union, they would be exempt from confiscation. Both objections were cured by the subsequent victory of the North, and by an amendment to the Constitution. There may be no practical advantage in re-opening the controversy; but it is desirable to correct for historical purposes widespread popular delusions.

Some of the biographers are enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Stanton, who seems never, until the close of the war, to have entertained cordial feelings to the President. On some occasions Mr. Lincoln's patience with the Secretary for War is rather astonishing than admirable. A Committee, headed by Mr. Lovejoy, brought the Secretary an important order of the President's, and met with a flat refusal to obey. "'But we have the President's order,' said Lovejoy. 'Did Lincoln give you an order of that kind?'" said Stanton. 'He did, sir.' 'Then he is a d—d fool,' said the irate Secretary." The conversation was immediately reported to the President. "'Did he say I was a d—d fool?'" asked Lincoln at the close of the recital. 'He did, sir, and repeated it.' After a moment's pause, and looking up, the President said, 'If Stanton said I was a d—d fool, then I must be one, for he is nearly always right, and generally says what he means. I will step over and see him.'" The President probably wished to conceal from strangers, at some sacrifice of personal dignity, the possibility of divisions in the Cabinet. The high authority of General Grant may be quoted against the President's professed belief that Mr. Stanton was almost always right. Readers of General Grant's valuable Memoirs will remember the constant obstruction and annoyance which he received from the Secretary for War and from General Halleck, Chief of the Staff at Washington. Of Mr. Lincoln, whom he knew but slightly, General Grant speaks with uniform respect and confidence. It seems that some one asked General Sherman whether it was true that General Grant cut the wires between his army and Washington to prevent officious interference on the part of Mr. Stanton. "I never heard," said the General, "of Grant's doing it; but I did it myself." At Washington, before the final advance on Richmond, Mr. Stanton warned General Grant not to let the President know of his military plans, as he would be sure to tell them to his friends. General Grant says that he acted on the Secretary's advice, and that he extended the rule to Mr. Stanton himself and to General Halleck.

Mr. Rice's interesting and instructive compilation naturally contains many specimens of Mr. Lincoln's inexhaustible store of anecdotes. Most of those which are quoted are in some degree disappointing; but it should be remembered that a born humourist stamps his character on every sentence which he utters. Mr.

Lincoln's stories were in the nature of parables, never told on their own account, but illustrating more or less appropriately some proposition which he wished to affirm. "Truth embodied in a tale" had every facility which could be derived from idiom and from manner for "entering in at lowly doors." There is a concurrence of testimony to the effect that he never repeated himself, and that he seldom told a story for the sole purpose of provoking a laugh. Pope or Macaulay, as masters of psychological antithesis, might have found a congenial subject in Mr. Lincoln:—

Who, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was patriot, statesman, schemer, and buffoon.

On the field of Gettysburg he delivered an oration which may rank with the speech of Pericles on a like occasion, and he sang a vulgar comic song. "Such," as the epigrammatic historian might have remarked, "is the inconsistency of human nature." Students in another school of thought, holding that all things which consist together are consistent, find instruction in the apparent contradictions which are reconciled in original and complex natures. Mr. Lincoln's character was not one of those which can be summed up in half a dozen pointed sentences. The judgments of thirty or forty capable critics still leave a wide field for conjecture.

FOUR NOVELS.*

MISS ROSA MULHOLLAND'S Irish story deserves attention on every ground, short of being a work of genius, on which a modern fiction can claim attention. It deals with Irish politics—in themselves not exactly an inviting topic, since there is enough of them and to spare elsewhere. But politics are kept where they should be in any novel except one avowedly political. They form a background and give a meaning to action. Bryan Kilmorey's Nationalism and Marcella Grace's sympathy with the woes of Irish tenants are subordinated to the drama of their individual lives. The story is essentially one of passion and tenderness. Laid in Ireland or laid in Siberia, the simple earnestness, the pure fervour of Marcella's love, the devotion of her life, the anguish and rapture of her suffering, would have sufficed to make her story a powerful and affecting one. Miss Mulholland's style of narration is the simplest that can escape the aspect of baldness. But of its ability to touch the imagination and awaken sympathy there is no doubt. Bryan Kilmorey is an Irishman of a type better known in his own country than in novels. Grave almost to austerity, ardent under a manner of reserve, and with a tone of melancholy half natural, half acquired from national prepossession, he represents with more truth than we generally find in fiction the better type of the modern political Irishman. Marcella is in her way as good a portrait of national characteristics. Both possess, underlying the troubles of their fate and circumstance, boundless capacities for happiness and for every natural human enjoyment. The author brings them through much misery, arising in a natural way from the agitation and disturbance of their troubled country, but leaves them, we are glad to say, at the close with every prospect of happiness. Writing from the point of view of a Nationalist and a Roman Catholic, Miss Mulholland's incidental pictures of the peasantry, their relations with the landlord, and their embroilments with secret societies, are presented with remarkable and original interest. Every line of observation comes evidently direct from the author's personal experience, and it comes devoid of rancour or prejudice. She sympathizes strongly with the suffering of the peasantry. The book is one which in its unpretending way helps to explain some things not easy to understand in this better-managed land. Any one who knows Ireland must recognize the faithfulness of the drawing of the physical as well as of the human element in it. There is no attempt at "word-painting," but the occasional descriptions of scenery, of the melancholy stretches of bog and moorland, of the romantic glens and lakes and wild sea-coast are beautiful in their clear and vivid touches. Some of the scenes are highly dramatic and would be very effective on the stage. There is no forced introduction of the pathetic sentiment into the glimpses of nature surrounding the actors, but it is very powerfully present. The story is a remarkable one, and will much enhance the reputation of the writer. The simplicity and sincerity of intention patent in every word and the absence of literary artifice leave an impression of clear-cut definiteness of line which is unusual.

Some considerable time ago we had under consideration a work of fiction which was the composition of no fewer than twelve ladies. Its name has escaped us; but the impression produced by the title-page remains. Such a portentous collection of cooks could not but awaken uneasiness as to the quality of the broth. Then, as now in the case of *Astray*, the feminine phalanx was headed by the popular author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*. In the present instance Miss Yonge's following is comparatively small. Her three colleagues, however, follow their leader in more senses than that

* *Marcella Grace*. By Rosa Mulholland, Author of "Hester's History," "The Wicked Woods of Tobereevill," &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

Astray. By Charlotte M. Yonge, Mary Bramston, Christabel Coleridge, Esme Stuart. London: Hatchards. 1886.

The Magic of a Voice. By Margaret Russell Macfarlane. London: J. & R. Maxwell.

A Child of the Revolution. By the Author of "The Atelier du Lys," "Mademoiselle Mori," &c. London: Hatchards. 1886.

meant in the playground. Their hands may more or less resemble the hand of Esau, but they have tried to tune their voices to the note of Jacob. The "tale of a country town" is told, as far as may be, in the fashion in which Miss Yonge has told so many popular stories; and, although the dilution is obvious, the flavour of the pre-eminent spirit is preserved. This is said of the tone of the story. The composition has the defects inseparable from authorship divided as it is evident that of *Astray* has been. Three or four persons writing together a story, the leading characters of which are distributed amongst them, are driven into the scheme of letters, diaries, and private journals. The reader is content to accept any sort of scheme so long as he is amused. But this is clumsy, and has the heaviness and laboured gait of a clumsy device. Miss Marian Forester proposes to fill endless books "which no one is intended to read" with studies for future novels, but, as it is a novel *in esse*, not one *in posse*, which is in hand, it is gossip, not development of character, she gives us. Mrs. Lyndhurst writes "journal letters" to her sailor husband on his voyages, in which all subjects are minutely dwelt on except those in which he might be supposed to feel some faint interest. Miss Rachel King "relates herself" to her journal in direct opposition to her formal conviction that the occupation is "a frightful misuse of pens, ink, and time; that it could only lead to morbid introspection, and all kinds of self-consciousness, and that the sooner she threw it away the better." Miss Felicia Heath "must write down what happened yesterday, because there is no one in all Emery St. Lawrence that I care to talk to about my private affairs." Mr. Frank Marsh crams pocket-book after pocket-book with trivial village talk and incidents, which he intends for a friend in Australia who never writes to him, and who is expected to peruse these valuable records in future years after the death of their collector. All these vain, worn-out schemes for carrying out a story in a disconnected fashion will do excellent good service when genius is making use of them; but they fall with their intrinsic weight when the talent is mediocre. *Astray* is a story, not bad in its way, of a crime deeply repented and earnestly atoned for; though truly we have but small faith in the better nature of a man who yields to such a temptation as Burton King's in the way he does. But the book is overweighted by its method, and wearies the reader long before he has got to the end of it.

Given a sentimental German heroine named Elsa, dwelling in a lonely castle in the extreme north of Mecklenburg, singing the music of the Valkyrie maidens to the accompaniment of the Baltic surging against the rocky shore, one knows pretty well what sort of romance it is going to be. *The Magic of a Voice* is sentimental enough for anything. Herr Leopold Uhlheim, a tutor travelling to assume his duties at Schloss Kartlow in those parts, hears late one night in a lonely spot by a melancholy tarn an extraordinary strain of vocal melody. It is a woman's voice, a wild and passionate voice, a lamenting voice, a voice like "the cry of something wounded unto death." It ends in "a theme of exaltation broad and grand, as though to put a cloister-wall between itself and the cold world." This singer, thinks Herr Leopold, must be a peculiar being; she must be "tall and well-molded," she must have "streaming hair and glowing eyes"—she must be, in fact, the very woman for him to fall in love with. Unfortunately Elsa, when she is identified, is the reverse of that. Her hair does not stream, her eyes are cold and droop beneath proud white lids; she is, like Mr. Mantalini's Countess, not "molded" at all; she is an aristocrat and despises tutors. Love, however, who will still be lord of all, subdues this young Brunhilde of the sea. The tutor joins the English army in the East, returns in a few months "covered with orders," and Elsa flies into his arms. The story is not uninteresting, and in the course of it, which is not long, we have occasional glimpses into the formal etiquette of old-fashioned German families. What is not easy to determine is the nationality of the author. A writer familiar with English "as she is spoke" would hardly tell us of "feather comforters" for a bed, of a "beach wagon" and of "an ancestor who was a junk dealer," to say nothing of Elsa's lack of "molding." Perhaps a clue is found in the recurrence of the expression "bang" applied to a lady's mode of wearing her hair. "Mamma won't let me cut mine, nor wear a bang," said Matilda with a comical sigh; "I should love to wear a bang!" "Bang," we imagine, doth something smack of an American hand.

A Child of the Revolution will add nothing to the well-earned reputation of the author of *Mademoiselle Mori*, neither will it detract from it, except in the sense in which every feeble performance lowers the average merit of the author's work. The story is cast on the worn lines of the social miseries and disturbances consequent on the political upheaval of the French Revolution. The characters have some light and colour reflected from the lurid conflagration of the time; but they have little distinct individuality of their own. The little *Espérance*, a child of noble birth whose parents have perished by murder and fever in Lyons during the fearful days of 1793, is adopted by the wife of a stern Republican, and brought up as her own. Jacques Vaudès adores the girl he believes to be his, and trains her in his own political views. But blood will have its way, and *Espérance* thoroughly bears out the theories of Dickens's guest at the dinner-party, the lady who resembled Hamlet and had a weakness for the "Aristocracy—and Blood!" This may be in accordance with the doctrine of heredity; but the thread is

a trifle worn. If *Esperance* had drunk in the Republican madness of *Vaudès* and run counter to every instinct of her race, we might have had a fresher story, but a less decorous heroine. As it is, the *Roche Hugons*, to whom she really belonged, had reason to be satisfied with her. Some feeble illustrations by C. J. Staniland lend little aid to the personality of the men, women, and children of the tale.

THE ART OF THE SARACENS IN EGYPT.*

MR. LANE-POOLE, having studied Cairene art during a residence of some months in Egypt, and taking the now fairly complete collections of the South Kensington and British Museums as the subjects of his illustrations, has produced a useful manual of what he is pleased to call Saracen Art. We are not prepared to call in question his nomenclature; the perfume of the rose has proverbially nothing to do with its name, and certainly the term "Saracen" is less likely to mislead the uninitiated than either "Arab" or "Muhammadan." Both these last, in truth, beg the question as to origin, and in point of historical fact are incorrect, since notably some of the finest buildings and art manufactures of the East were the handiwork of Copts or Persian schismatics, who were neither of them, properly speaking, Muslims, and certainly not Arabs. It is, however, a point worthy of discussion, as soon as we shall have examples in sufficiency on which to form our judgment, how much of the initiative in the work, producing the very unmistakable style which is so remarkable in all the buildings of the Muslim princes of the many lands of Islam, was not an immediate and necessary result of the development of Mohammedanism, as we are learning at last to understand its early history through the publication of the original authorities. In other words, though we are ready to admit that much of the beauty of "Saracenic" art is due to Christians and converted Fire-worshippers, we venture very much to doubt whether, if left to themselves and uncorrupted by the fiery zeal of the Muslim Arab, the Copts in Egypt and the Guebres in Persia would have built anything at all resembling either the mosque of Kait Bey in Cairo or the shrine of Ali Reza at Meshed. We may agree with Mr. Lane-Poole when he writes that "the word Saracenic, implying the two ideas of Oriental and Mediaeval, exactly fulfils the conditions of a general term for the art with which we are concerned," but we none the less must protest that this "Saracenic" art, so unmistakable in its style "wherever it occurs, from the pillars of Hercules and the Alcazar of Seville to the mosques of Samarkand and the ruins of Gaur in Bengal," owes the wonderful unity possessed by it wholly and solely to the predominating influence in all these countries of the spirit of Arab Islam.

In one of the most ancient mosques of Cairo, that built by Ibn Tulûn in the ninth century A.D., we have what is probably the earliest existing example of the use of the Pointed arch employed throughout a building. This was three centuries before the adoption of the Pointed style in England. The effect produced when looking into the court across the five parallel arcades into which the Mekka side of the mosque is divided is extremely beautiful, as may be judged, by those who have not had the advantage of a visit to Cairo, from the fine illustration, No. 5, of the work before us, depicting the "Arcades in the Mosque of Ibn Tulûn." The arches are constructed of burnt brick, but faced with stucco beautifully ornamented in arabesque.

They have a very slight tendency to a return at the spring of the arch, but cannot be said to approach the true horseshoe form. They rest on heavy piers of brick, the four corners of which are shaped in the form of engaged columns, with no bases and only very simple rounded capitals, coated, like the rest of the building, with plaster, on which a rudimentary bird-and-flower pattern is moulded. The spaces between the arches are partly filled by windows with similar engaged columns and pointed arches. . . . In the rearmost arcade the back wall is pierced with pointed windows, which are filled, not with coloured glass, but with grilles of stone, forming geometrical designs, with central rosettes or stars; but it is not quite certain that these belong to the original mosque; they may have been introduced in one of the restorations which are known to have been made. To whatever period they belong, they may compare favourably in variety and beauty of design with any Gothic tracery in existence.

In the earlier of the Cairene mosques, the dome, which is so characteristic a feature in later Muslim buildings, is conspicuously absent. Mr. Lane-Poole remarks that "it is a mistake to suppose that the dome is an essential feature of a mosque. The minaret is essential, because there must be a raised tower from which the *Adân*, or Call to Prayer, may resound over the city. . . . A dome, however, has nothing to do with prayer, and, therefore, nothing with a mosque." So far we are inclined to agree with him, but we must express dissent when he informs us that the dome "is simply the roof of a tomb, and only exists where there is a tomb to be covered, or at least where it was intended that a tomb should be," and continues, "Most mosques with tombs have domes, but no mosque that was not intended to contain a tomb ever had one in the true sense." This is certainly too hasty a generalization. Who ever was it that thought to be buried under the splendid Kubbet en Nasr, the "Dome of the Eagle," in the Ommeyyad Mosque at Damascus? Where is the tomb under the dome of the Aksa Mosque at Jerusalem; and, lastly, not to multiply instances, but not least of all, whose sepulchre is under

the Kubbet es Sakhra, the much-celebrated "Dome of the Rock"? Before passing on to other matters we may be permitted to note that it is a pity, among his wealth of illustrations, that Mr. Lane-Poole did not include a drawing of what he calls (p. 65) "the Saracenic capital, derived from simple Ptolemaic models, of a distinctive character." The Muslim princes found it cheaper to get the pillars they wanted for their mosques from the ruined buildings hard by of the Roman period, or the no less convenient Christian church. These columns, abstracted from many very different edifices, naturally bore capitals of various orders, which were often arranged with little regard to symmetry, and the pillars, when not sufficiently long, were often adapted to their position by setting them up on an inverted capital used for a base, or even crowning them with a couple of incongruous capitals in order to bring them up to the required height. This "Saracenic capital," therefore, mentioned above as of "a distinctive character" is not without interest, and the ignorant need a drawing to realize exactly how it "is contained by four surfaces proceeding in curves from the square abacus, and joining at the round of the columns," for this is all the information vouchsafed to us on this really interesting point by Mr. Lane-Poole.

Domestic architecture among the Muslims suffered not a little from the fact that the first and all-important object of the builder was to screen the fair members of the harem, when pursuing their household work, or resting in the enjoyment of the cooling breeze, from the prying gaze of the stranger. Hence all the windows that look out into the street are small, high up, and closely latticed. The door alone is ornamented, the walls being, as a rule, plain, or at most only streaked in alternate courses of red ochre and limewash; while whatever there is of picturesque effect that strikes the eye in looking down one of the narrow streets of an Egyptian city is due to the wonderfully intricate woodwork and the brilliant painting of the semi-circular or semi-octagonal bow windows which project from the upper stories. In the lattice-work of these windows (which go by the name of *Meshrebiyas*, or "drinking-places," from the fact that it is here that the porous household water-jars are set to cool by evaporation in the breeze) the wood-workers of Cairo have found full scope for their marvellous fertility of design.

It would not seem that there was much opportunity for variety of effect in the mere combination of short turned bobbins of wood in a lattice-screen; but the Cairo workman found out an infinity of changes that could be rung on their simple materials. The engravings, figs. 49-53, which represent ten different styles in the South Kensington Museum, will show how variously the component parts of a lattice may be arranged. The essential feature of the work is a series of oval turned balls, connected together by short turned links, which fit into holes in the balls. It is in the arrangement and number of these links, of which 2,000 are often contained in the space of a square yard, that the variety of design is effected. Sometimes the balls are supported by four links or arms forming a cross, sometimes by six or eight, like a star; and the distance between the balls may be extended, so as to permit of a smaller knob at the crossing of the arms, a modification that produces a singularly delicate and lace-like effect. Sometimes these intermediate balls are so distributed as to form a pattern upon the ground of the wider design, as in fig. 53, where the finer interlacing forms the outline of a lamp suspended in the more open lattice.

But it is impossible by description alone to convey any adequate idea of the extraordinary beauty of these very simple bobbin-and-bar lattices; we must refer our readers to the excellent illustrations drawn from the specimens preserved in the South Kensington Museum, or, better still, let them be urged to go to the Museum some sunny afternoon, and seek out the "Cairo Room" when the sun's rays are streaming through the wonderful Cairene stained-glass windows, and making chequered shade upon the pavement in reproduction of the pattern of the lattice.

Within the limits of a review it is impossible to do more than call attention to the most interesting of the many examples which Mr. Lane-Poole has brought together of the craftsman's work of the East. From wooden lattice-work we pass naturally to the wood panel-carving in which the artists of Cairo greatly excelled. The geometrical designs which are the characteristic feature of their pulpits and ornamented doors are the result, not of a doctrine of art, but of the necessities of the hot climate of Egypt, where, through the warping and splitting of all large planks of wood, it was of necessity to construct any piece of woodwork of the size of a door in numberless small panels. Each one of these was made small enough to permit of its hanging quite loose in its setting, so that it might freely shrink and expand without either itself splitting or causing such damage to the surrounding framework as to mar the outline of the whole. In the construction of their very beautiful and characteristic panel-work the Muslim craftsmen undoubtedly sought their models in the ancient screens which may still be seen in the Coptic churches. And it is in these that we first come upon that kaleidoscopic and almost magical effect which is so notable when walking through a room decorated with the Cairene panel-work. The explanation of this changing effect, as Mr. Lane-Poole, perhaps rightly, indicates, "is due to the combination of large and small patterns in such a manner that different parts of the design stand out more conspicuously at varying distances."

In glancing through the numerous illustrations of the present work, it will be a surprise to many to observe how often the Cairene artists were induced to set at defiance the Islamic injunction against the reproduction in art of the forms of animate creatures. It is true that this very unorthodox style was not native Egyptian, but originated in Mesopotamia, where the traditions of ancient Persian, and possibly Assyrian, art still survived among the metal-workers of Mosul and other cities of the Tigris. However, with the

* *The Art of the Saracens in Egypt.* By S. Lane-Poole. With 108 Woodcuts. Published for the Committee of Council on Education by Chapman & Hall. 1886.

advent of the Tartar rulers, this heterodox ornamentation became very popular in Egypt. The most remarkable example of figure-carving in Cairo is to be seen on the doors of the "Māristān," the magnificent hospital built and endowed by the orthodox Mamlūk Sultan Kalaūn, where, carved on pine-wood, may still be seen the representations of the sports and occupations of the Tartar prince. It is, however, in the metal-work of this period and the textile fabrics that an utter defiance of the law against representing the forms of living things becomes the rule rather than the exception, and some of the bowls and embroideries figured in the volume before us attain a pitch of excellence that would be sought for in vain in the contemporary work of the Frankish craftsmen.

Aureoled horsemen engaged in the various methods of the chase, to which the Persians had ever been addicted, surround the bowls or other vessels in broad bands; with lance or bow, with leopard or chitah on the crupper, with hawk on wrist, or attended by hounds, they pursue the bear or lion or antelope or other quarry; or crowned and aureoled princes seated cross-legged on high-backed thrones, attended by pages and holding the forbidden wine-cup in the hand, occupy panels or medallions; musicians, with cymbals, lute, or pipe, dancers, and other types of festivity, or the personified Signs of the Zodiac combined with their ruling planets, vary the monotony of the hunting scenes; and combats between animals, birds, and men are among the subjects of the engraver's skill.

It is also notable that during the times of the Fatimite caliphs, certain painters of Basrah came to Egypt in order to decorate a newly-built mosque; and the historian El Makrisy makes mention of "two rival painters, El Kasir and Ibn 'Aziz, who were pitted one against the other by the Vizir El Yāzūry; the first painted a picture of a dancing-girl in white robes on a black blind-arch, as though she were inside it, and the second a similar girl in crimson robes on a yellow ground, as though she were standing out of the arch." From their names, in this case, we infer that the painters were themselves Muslims; in other cases it was generally a non-Muslim who was the artist, and, as Mr. Lane-Poole remarks, it was doubtless a salve to the conscience of the orthodox that assuredly the Christian weaver, and not the Mohammedan weaver, would be held answerable for the impious, though beautiful, representations of living beings which in the (likewise prohibited) tissues of silk were employed so lavishly for the raiment of the true believers.

In taking leave of this useful and beautiful publication of the Committee of Council on Education it is but fair to say that, in the space at our disposal, it has been impossible to do more than notice a few of the chapters of Mr. Lane-Poole's interesting volume. We have not found time to say anything of the stone and plaster work which attained to such high excellence in the pulpits and mural decorations of the mosques of Cairo; and of the chapter on metal-work we had intended, had space permitted, giving some extracts on damascening, inlaying, and enamelling; but we can now only refer the reader to the book itself. On the heraldry in glass and metal our author has much to say that is novel and interesting, and we particularly commend the remarks on the Eastern origin of many of our heraldic terms, and the description of the shields of the best known of the Saracen knights who fought against the Frank Crusaders. Finally, it is worth noticing that in the glass-work shops of Cairo and the neighbouring towns may be found the school in which the Venetians learnt the art which they subsequently brought to such perfection at Murano; though it may be doubted if they ever excelled in beauty of design some of the coloured and inscribed mosque-lamps which are among the most perfect specimens of Muslim art in our museums at South Kensington and Bloomsbury.

LONDON TOPOGRAPHY.*

THE London antiquary has much to bear. If he calls attention to a beautiful or an interesting building, it is immediately pulled down, or, what is often quite as bad, it is "restored." The old "Queen Anne" house in Knightsbridge, a genuine dated red-brick front, of severe simplicity and good proportions; the old house in Wood Street; the fine and authentic "Wren" buildings in Moorfields; all the old houses in Bishopsgate and Aldersgate Streets; the ecclesiastical courts in Doctors' Commons, and numberless other buildings of the kind erected after the Great Fire in 1666, have been destroyed within half a dozen years, to say nothing of St. Antholin, Watling Street, and the other City churches destroyed under the "auspices" of the last two Bishops. These things were not very ancient. Their beauty did not attract every eye. They were in a style little understood, except by those rare architects who had retained some of the traditions of the classical school and believed in proportion rather than in ornament. But as almost every fragment of ancient Gothic, especially in its

domestic form, has been removed or renewed, they were beginning to be looked upon as among the most ancient remains of architectural art in London; and their disappearance is correspondingly regretted. The remnants of Inigo Jones's marvellously picturesque houses were plenty enough even twenty years ago. There are still in all London about three, possibly four. The rest have been destroyed; some of them because they were too old, others because they were not old enough. A lawyer, who thought himself competent to improve on Inigo, has practically destroyed the one example left of his Gothic work; and, no doubt, since lawyers think themselves competent to do things by the light of nature or by virtue of a call to the Bar which other people can only do by long study and experience, there is no reason why an ex-chancellor should not, if he can afford the expense, pull down and rebuild St. Paul's, or add new towers to Westminster Abbey. When the new street was driven through Soho from Regent's Circus to Bloomsbury, it would almost seem that its winding course was determined by the scanty evidences which the district afforded of ancient magnificence, and that the surveyor marked his plan with a cross wherever a portico or a window had been thought worthy of notice by an artist or a photographer. Shaftesbury Avenue first runs, it might be said, towards the old house with the colonnade at the corner of Blank Street; having demolished the pillars, it tacks and steers straight for the fine red brick cornice and pediment in Dash Lane; thence by a curve it reaches the famous shop front, the only one of its kind in the district, near Three Stars Square, and so on to the bitter end. No doubt these points, well known to any one who walks about the London streets, saved the engineers trouble, and were at least as easily and cheaply destroyed as any common house. Every one knows how true this is of the City churches, and with what difficulty some of them were snatched out of the path of the Underground Railways.

The tide of destruction goes on; it flows always and never ebbes. Every record of an interesting building—nay, every record of a building—in London is of value, and will be thankfully received by posterity. Could we obtain particulars of some of the most insignificant of the streets and lanes before 1666, how glad we should be. St. Mary Woolnoth is not pretty; it is in a conspicuous situation, and fills it with a certain massive dignity not always to be found where it is expected. It has seen more worthy edifices perish on either side of it, and may perhaps count on a few years' longer life. Mr. Brooke has endeavoured to do for it what every one who has the power should do for his parish and church, especially in the City. St. Michael's, Cornhill, has been "edited" by Mr. Overall, St. Bartholomew's by Dr. Moore, St. Bride's by Mr. Hawkins, St. Mildred's—one of the irreparable losses of London—by Mr. Milbourn, St. Margaret Pattens by Mr. Fish, St. Botolph, Aldersgate, by the alderman of the ward, the present Lord Mayor. Unfortunately, a majority of these books are privately printed, and, though they are generally accessible to those who wish to see them, they are seldom reviewed or advertised. A good list of London parochial histories might perhaps be made by some industrious person *à propos* to the forthcoming Domesday Celebration. The volume on St. Mary Woolnoth is edited partly by Mr. A. W. C. Hallen, whose labours in transcribing London church registers are well known to members of the Harleian Society. The old account in Newcourt's *Repertorium* is extensively supplemented by recent research; and though the book consists for the most part of lists of names, with an occasional remark, it is full of curious information. The early registers are, as usual, both incorrect and irregular and also vague; for example, in January 1563 (1564) there is this entry, "Was married our Curat, Mr. Thomas Buckmaister, beinge our Mynister, to a Wydowe." The list of burials in 1665, the year of the Great Plague, is hardly so long as we might expect, and makes no special reference to the epidemic; but there are entries which show that whole families, including apprentices and servants, were swept away in some cases. Thus the death is recorded on March 26 of Rebecca, daughter of William and Ann Paybody; September 7, of William Miles, apprentice to William Paybody; September 15, of William Paybody, boxmaker; September 24, of Ann Paybody, his widow; September 27, of another apprentice, William Davies; and it is the same, or nearly so, with the household of Isaac Meynell—first his wife, then his nephew, and next his servant-maid are buried. Another parishioner, Richard Yrde, fared even worse. In September his two sons, his daughter, and his apprentice all died within a few days of each other; and on October 18 of the following year there is an entry recording the death of Richard Yrde, late of this parish, "who was stilled by the fall of a house after the Citty was burnt." Many Lombard Street goldsmiths lived in the parish, and we have numerous entries relating to the Vyners and the Backwells. Altogether this book reflects great credit on its compilers.

The prizes offered by Mr. William Westgarth in 1884 for essays on the improvement of London did not bring out any hidden genius, or succeed in finding any solution to the questions started. There is a kind of confession of anticipated failure in the very title of the volume before us. To ask a man of education and intellect to write an essay "on the street re-alignment, reconstruction, and sanitation of Central London, and on the re-housing of the poorer classes," is to give hostages to the scoffers. Yet this is the title of the book, and states the objects of the benevolent donor. A sum of 1,200*l.* was offered by Mr. Westgarth, and a committee of the Society of Arts undertook to award it in six prizes, one of 500*l.*, one of 250*l.*, and three of 150*l.* each. Twenty-seven essays were

* *St. Mary Woolnoth; History and Registers.* By the Rev. J. M. S. Brooke and the Rev. A. W. C. Hallen. London: Bowles & Sons. 1886.
Reconstruction of Central London. Westgarth Prize Essays. London: Bell & Sons. 1886.

The Children of Westminster Abbey. By Rose G. Kingsley. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

An Hour in the Temple. By John C. H. Flood. London: Diprose & Bateman.

Handbook for Visitors to Chelsea Hospital. New Edition. Sold at the Hospital.

Westminster Abbey: Popular Guide. Second Edition. "Pall Mall Gazette" Office. 1886.

sent in by the end of 1884, the prescribed time. The committee sat on them. The verdict was pronounced in five months; none of the essays "realized the requirements of the offer in such a manner as to justify the committee in recommending the award of the full amount of the prizes offered." Nevertheless, they determined that three of the essayists would deserve 100*l.* each, and that 300*l.* more should be given in small sums to other competitors. The 100*l.* prizeholders' essays are published in the present volume, with the authors' names; and if the 25*l.* prizeholders' essays were inferior in quality to these examples of the works of twenty-seven competitors, we may congratulate their writers on preserving their obscurity and avoiding the publication of what would have brought them but little credit. Mr. Westgarth's scheme is too Utopian to succeed, and too vague to be easily described even in a prize essay. Briefly, the object aimed at is to find means for pulling London down and rebuilding it on a different plan and improved principles. But the puzzleheadedness betrayed by the wording of the title-page infects the essays, and the only passages of interest relate to what we have seen over and over again better stated in other places—as to the rapid growth of suburbs, as to the shortcomings of eminent architects, as to the barbarity of "Queen Anne," and so on; Mr. Westgarth having, it is apparent, spent 600*l.* on a task not mentioned in his title-page, of proving that "the re-alignment" &c. of London is an undertaking beyond the powers of the twenty-seven essayists who have competed for his money.

Miss Kingsley's conception of the needs of American children in the way of historical information is peculiar. In her book on *Westminster Abbey*, written for American readers, "many explanations and details" are given which would have been unnecessary for English children. Among these details we find too many which are either unlikely to interest or inform children of any country, or else are likely to mislead them. There are too many long words, too much sentiment, too many little passages about "the writer's grandfather," or the "unpretentious" christening of a royal duke, or personal recollections of a late dean. Besides these blemishes we find some serious errors and misstatements. The dormitory was rebuilt by Lord Burlington, probably after an old drawing by Inigo Jones; but Miss Kingsley assigns the design to Wren. The "mean and ugly little urn," which, according to Miss Kingsley, was the only monument Charles II. "could afford" to the memory of Edward V. and his brother, is of marble, and was designed for its purpose by Sir Christopher himself. A foot-note on page 221 contains some information that even English children may think interesting, for, construed grammatically, it attributes a passage on Gunpowder Plot, which commences Chapter IX., to Westminster Hall and other buildings. It is a pity that a very promising subject should be marred by so much carelessness as Miss Kingsley has shown in this volume; and, besides carelessness, we have to complain of a redundancy of style, to say the least, which obtrudes itself on every page. The material has been laboriously gathered, and is skilfully arranged, and the illustrations are well chosen. Yet it is no paradox to say that the letter-press would require re-writing and the pictures re-engraving before justice will have been done to the subject.

Among the smaller topographical publications before us is a new edition of the *Westminster Abbey Popular Guide*, by M. O. and E. T. Bradley, a publication in which there is not a word too many; a new Handbook to Chelsea Hospital, "published with the sanction of the Commissioners"; and Mr. Flood's pleasant little account of a visit to the Middle and Inner Temple.

ETHICS AND PSYCHOLOGY.*

IT is almost impossible to review a work confessedly imperfect with satisfaction to the authors, readers, or ourselves; and this difficulty is most distinctly felt when we are dealing with a subject which requires continuous and systematic treatment. Yet Professor Fowler's *Principles of Morals* is exactly in this imperfect position. What there is of it is the joint work of the late Professor J. M. Wilson of Oxford and himself; and he justifies the present publication on the ground that only the chapters contained in it received the final imprimatur of his colleague. For the complete ethical treatise, which, we learn, is in preparation, he declares that he will be mainly responsible. We may say at once that, although exception will probably be taken to the wisdom of making a separate issue of the volume before us, still it is likely to prove acceptable and useful to those who are beginning the study of ethical philosophy. The first chapter divides the subject into moral philosophy on the one hand and practical ethics on the other, and then discusses how far the study of the former is affected by natural philosophy, sociology,

and psychology. The authors naturally enough lay stress on the knowledge of social relations as "necessary to the moralist, whose business it is to adapt man to the conditions of his existence." Such a phrase contains the expression of one of those half-truths which are so unfortunately common in philosophical writings. "To adapt man to the conditions of his existence" is doubtless the "business" of the moralist, but not necessarily all his business. He must see whether it is not possible for man to do as well as to suffer, to adapt circumstances to himself as well as himself to circumstances. The language used reminds one of J. S. Mill or Mr. Herbert Spencer, and the thought expressed, if carried to its logical conclusion, gives rise to the question whether ethics is possible as a science or advantageous as a study. No doubt all moral philosophers come back in the long run to the same vexed or perplexing problems; but that is the very reason why a sentence which suggests a dogmatic solution should not be used at the very outset. A writer especially who lays such stress as does Professor Fowler on the historical method should keep in mind that it has been a constant criticism against such authors as himself that they are too apt to make historical facts suit their particular theories rather than discover the proper theories from the colligation and comparison of facts. The chapter is more fortunate in its insistence upon the study of ethics apart from the technicalities of any system of religious doctrine, while it shows how morality and religion act and react upon each other. Every revelation worthy of the name appeals to its ethical precepts and their practice in support of its own claim to authority over the opinions and actions of men. Yet, as is wisely pointed out, it is not by the presentation of an arbitrary external code that the Christian system has attained the position which it admittedly occupies. "The desire and effort to imitate Christ has probably exercised on the Christian world an influence incomparably deeper and wider than that exerted by those maxims and precepts which we commonly regard as constituting the moral contents of Christianity." The second chapter—which contains the greater part of the matter in the volume—is taken up with an historical review of the progress of moral philosophy in England from Hobbes to Bentham, with an excellent passing allusion to Kant. Of most of the work contained in this chapter it would be difficult to speak too highly. If here and there appears a tendency to undue compression, at other times the statement and criticism leave nothing to be desired. As to Hobbes, *e.g.*:—"Living in times when men were suffering intensely from anarchy and repeated changes of government, in the very midst of fierce religious and political struggles, which could be determined only by the arbitrament of the sword, it was his great practical aim to exalt the authority of law, to persuade men that it was better (nay, that it was their duty) to submit to any government rather than to change it. But in the attempt to exalt the law, he depreciated the authority of the individual conscience and the force of public opinion; and, as we shall hereafter have occasion to point out in the case of Bentham, failed to see that it is in the moral sentiment of the citizens that the law has its origin, and can alone find its ultimate support." In short, the ethics of Hobbes were the result of his political ideas, while those of Bentham took their rise in his own notions with regard to jurisprudence. In passing we may notice, besides those already mentioned, the sections on Hutcheson, Price, and Kant as especially worthy of mention. The third and last chapter is occupied mainly with a somewhat indefinite reference to the method of treatment to be followed in the second volume of *The Principles of Morals*. We may therefore defer criticism until that appears. The chapter seems to suggest a sort of well-intentioned eclecticism, or some kind of systematic discussion of ethical matters akin to that which is to be found in Professor Fowler's book on "Progressive Morality."

The publication of his article for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in a separate form as *Outlines of the History of Ethics* is a judicious act on the part of Professor Sidgwick. It is, moreover, a kindly one, for the *Encyclopædia* is—save by means of public libraries—practically inaccessible to the majority of students, while the information contained in the *Outlines* is exactly what they need and desire. Since the book before us is a reprint of what has already been sufficiently discussed—the additions being merely on the lines of the original article—it is unnecessary to enter into a specially detailed criticism. It is sufficient to say by way of praise that for comprehensiveness of grasp, accuracy of statement, and lucidity of style, the book is worthy of the already well-established reputation of its author. There are, however, certain characteristic features about it that call for special notice, if only for the fact that they may be considered praiseworthy by some and blameworthy by others. For the sake of "a certain compact unity of movement" in his work, the treatment of French and German moralists by no means corresponds to that of English writers, nor, we might add, to the foreigners' own deserts. What has been omitted "appeared to me to have a distinctly subordinate interest for English readers." This being the author's professed opinion, it is not remarkable to find that there are only three references to Kant in the book, and that, if we are to judge from the third one, Professor Sidgwick has scarcely given himself time even to understand the *Critique of Practical Reason* at all. We confess that we do not see why the interest of English readers in the ethical speculations of Germans should be so slight as is here assumed. The story of moral philosophy as of metaphysics is a continuous one, independent of locality; and if the student is to form a proper estimate of the importance of any author's work in

* *The Principles of Morals (Introductory Chapters)*. By John Matthias Wilson, B.D., late President of Corpus Christi College, and Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford, and Thomas Fowler, M.A., President of Corpus Christi College, and Wykeham Professor of Logic in the University of Oxford. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1886.

Outlines of the History of Ethics for English Readers. By Henry Sidgwick, Knightbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

Psychology—The Cognitive Powers. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D., President of Princeton College. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

The Teacher's Handbook of Psychology. By James Sully, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1886.

this study, it is essential that he should be acquainted with all the influences—be they German, English, or French—which helped to mould his opinions. At the end of the book a somewhat summary reference is made to the German pessimists, but little or no attempt is made to show from what sources in the transcendental philosophy of their own country their systems arose, and none whatever to trace the connexion between these systems and contemporaneous English thought. Again, Professor Sidgwick tells us that he has “taken pains to keep Ethics as separate as I conveniently could from Theology and Metaphysics, and also from Politics,” although he admits that this was a matter of some difficulty. But is it wise—is it even possible—to write a good “History of Ethics” and leave out these things? The moral philosophy of Plato and Aristotle was based upon the relation of the individual as citizen to the small Greek state; that of the Stoics and Epicureans on the insignificance of the individual within the great Roman Empire; that of mediævalism took its rise from the conflict and separation between the Church and the World, thus involving a consideration of both politics and theology. We might multiply instances in the same way, taking them from modern times, and showing how the adoption of particular ethical views has been due sometimes to political considerations—as in the case of Hobbes and Rousseau—sometimes to the determination of a particular psychology or metaphysic, as in the case of David Hume and the two Mills. Without entering upon that, we have said enough to prove that the isolation of moral philosophy from other studies, upon which Mr. Sidgwick prides himself, is neither practicable nor to be desired. In all probability he had put impartiality of statement (or “objectivity,” as he calls it in his preface) before him as the ideal of an Encyclopædia article; but we have changed all that in these latter days, since now the *Britannica* has become almost as much a battle-ground for controversialists in philosophy as any of the monthly Reviews. It says a great deal for his patience and skill that he has succeeded so well in working out his aim in this direction, although his fidelity to it now and then tends to take the sharpness which might have been expected out of the more distinctly critical portions of his work. There are many parts of it which might be referred to at greater length, and with no stint of praise; but, since the book can now easily be had, we prefer to leave it with the general commendation at first expressed. We may mention that it is supplemented by a full and accurate index.

Were we to take Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, at his own valuation, a series of articles should be devoted to his latest work, *Psychology—The Cognitive Powers*. He has persuaded himself that he is in the right, and imagines that by dint of repetition he has overcome all his foes. Great, indeed, is his faith, for he imagines that the controversial weapons forged for him about half a century ago by Sir William Hamilton are still as bright and sharp as ever. He does not even seem conscious of the fact that Hamilton himself was modifying his opinions to the very last, and that the best of his followers in this country have done much in the same direction. “It will be shown in this work that the honest and careful study of the human mind in an inductive manner undermines the prevailing philosophic errors of this age; saves us from Idealism on the one hand and Agnosticism on the other; and conducts us to Realism, which in a rude state was the first philosophy, and when its excrescences are pruned off will be the last.” This statement of the preface is repeated with variations throughout Dr. McCosh’s book. He is perpetually “undermining” somebody or other; but, as he does not often understand the position of those to whom he is opposed, and as his attack generally takes the form of an *ipse dixit*, his success is in inverse ratio to his satisfaction. The basis of his work is the immediacy of our knowledge of the external world, which is known as existing, and existing independently. Object is known through sense perception, and subject through self-consciousness. The knowledge of matter is as distinct as that of mind—in fact, they are co-ordinate. But how can this be when in the one case the known is also the knower, both of itself and of the object? This first of all difficulties to the Scottish school of psychologists—which Hamilton himself recognized—does not seem for an instant to have presented itself to the robust intelligence of the Princeton philosopher. He pays a like disregard to Hamilton’s organic and locomotive theory, which is not even mentioned. As a further instance of Dr. McCosh’s peculiarities, take the following sentence (p. 209), “Man’s knowledge begins not with relations but with things.” In laying down this proposition he tells us that he “undermines” one of the most fatal errors of the day. But what does this important proposition mean? On the face of it, that there are things without relations, which is absolute nonsense, and of course nonsense can undermine anything. To go into further detail into the so-called philosophy of the book would be an unprofitable waste of space; but it may be as well to notice that Dr. McCosh, like the Scottish lecturers of last century, is apt to run into a moralizing strain. We like him best at this, for many of his remarks have a quaint freshness about them. One passage (italicized by ourselves) will serve to show his opinions on an interesting subject:—

I am not to enter upon a crusade against the perusal of works of fiction. I should be sorry to debar the child from *Robinson Crusoe* or the *Pilgrim’s Progress*, or to prevent any one from becoming acquainted with the character of *Jeanie Deans* or of *Uncle Tom*. But I do protest against that constant and indiscriminate perusal of romances in which so many

indulge. In the use of such stimulants I am an advocate, not of total abstinence, but of temperance principles. I am not afraid of an occasional stimulant, provided people be not constantly drinking of it, and provided they be taking solid food in far larger measures. For every novel devoured let there be eaten and digested several books of history or of biography, several books of voyages and travels, several books of good theology, with at least a book or two of science or of philosophy.

“Several books of good theology” &c. to one novel! Oh, Dr. McCosh!

In these days, when the merits of a teacher are estimated by the Government grant which his pupils earn, and the School Board under which he works judge of his “value” in the same way, there is far too much temptation for him to think only of the number of “passes,” and little, if at all, of the real education of the children. There must, however, be a large number of schoolmasters who have a higher conception of the nature of their work in the training and development of the mental and moral character of those under their charge. To them especially Mr. Sully’s *Teacher’s Handbook of Psychology* may be commended. It is based on the author’s larger work on Psychology, but may be considered apart from that, since its value depends principally upon the wisdom and judgment of its practical remarks and suggestions. Every chapter shows how minutely Mr. Sully has studied his subject and with what success. While we mention those on memory and the section on the training of the moral faculty as particularly good, we would indicate only a personal preference, and in no wise detract from the general merits of the whole. As might be expected, the style is clear and interesting throughout.

THE MAKING OF PICTURES.*

LOOKING as we do with extreme suspicion, which in nine cases out of ten is only too well founded, on all handbooks concerning the fine arts, it is a genuine relief to come upon any work of the kind so excellent and thorough as that now before us. It consists of twelve lectures, in which the means employed in pictorial representation are passed in review, mingled with much that is sound and suggestive by way of comment and explanation. The author begins at the beginning of her subject, explaining in what a work of art consists, and vigorously pointing out the difference between imitation and interpretation—a difference concerning which many besides the young people for whom her lectures are printed stand in signal need of enlightenment. The principles of form, of light and shade, of colour and of composition, are summarily called attention to; and the relation between art and nature is so skilfully dwelt upon that no “young people” could, after reading what is said, look again with the same eyes on pictures or on nature. The general course of study pursued in art schools is described, and the supreme importance of working from nature is duly insisted on, especially where it is in the prevailing state of things most sorely needed, in all work connected with decoration. The means employed in oil and water-colour painting are explained, and some of the various ways in which the materials used in each are dealt with are briefly described. By way of illustration, the Paris and Munich schools are referred to, the author telling us that “it almost seems sometimes as if many modern French artists used paint as if it were clay,” while “the Munich school . . . paints with a vehicle.” The two schools might, in brief, be respectively defined by one who is no great friend to either as the school of plaster and the school of slush. To point out the difference of tendency, especially in the matter of colour, between modern art and that of the great Italians, the picture of Joan of Arc by Bastien Lepage is pressed into service with a very happy result. All the various materials used for drawing are fully described, and the methods of applying them are briefly dwelt upon. If we have an unfavourable comment to make upon any one of these lectures, it must be upon that which deals with wood-cutting, which is, perhaps, not so satisfying as the others, and we own to a personal feeling of disappointment with any treatise, however short, which is devoted to this art and in which the name of Bewick finds no place. The chapter on Etching is written with a peculiarly sympathetic hand, and the various reproductive processes now available for artistic work are duly explained. What is said concerning the limitation of the uses of photography is especially excellent. Among other processes mentioned is the monotype process which, we believe, is not very widely known in England. It consists in painting on a metal plate in transparent colours, from which an impression may be taken before the paint is dry. A few sensible words are said in conclusion about exhibitions and sales, and encouragements to art generally. Although we heartily agree with the author in wishing to see travelling scholarships established for art students in America, we cannot concur in her opinion that it would be well to adopt the prize system, as practised at the Paris Salon. In conclusion, we wish every success to her book, the most practical and intelligent of its kind that we have yet met with.

* *The Making of Pictures; Twelve Short Talks with Young People*. By Sarah W. Whitman. Chicago: The Interstate Publishing Company. Boston: 30 Franklin Street.

SAMUEL PHELPS.*

THIS is the authorized life of one of the most famous and energetic of modern English actors, but there is no more to be said for it than that. The authors, Messrs. W. May Phelps and John Forbes-Robertson, have little to say for themselves, and the bulk of their book is composed of newspaper cuttings and old play-bills. Their account of Phelps the man—"his wit and humour, his pathos and his umbrella"—is singularly meagre and uninteresting; their account of Phelps the actor and manager is mainly a compilation. They have nothing to tell of the condition in which their hero found the stage, nothing of that in which he left it, nothing of the influence he exercised upon it, and nothing of the peculiar difficulties under which he wrought and the special obstacles it was his to overcome. They give a certain number of particulars of his life, his engagements, his distresses, it is true; with interminable lists of plays and casts, innumerable quotations from the press of the period, and some expressions of private opinion. "Then came each actor on his ass." That is, in brief, their theory of histrionic biography, and it is not a good one. An artist so sincere, so accomplished, so laborious as the subject of their memoir was worthy of better fortune. Once already has he been the hero of a bad book; and, as if that were not enough for the unkind destinies, he is here presented, with every circumstance of well-meaning incompetence, as the hero of another. *C'est trop de malheur.*

It must, however, be admitted, in extenuation of all this, that he is not an easy subject. He has no private history; for outside his art and off the stage he appears to have been much the same as everybody else. He was fond of fishing, fond of shooting, and fond of gardening; he could draw a little, and "converse on a great variety of subjects"; he was most happy in his marriage, and a worshipper of home; he had losses, and was once or twice, it is declared, unfairly treated; and that is all. The actor, however, was (as Mr. R. L. Stevenson would say) a different pair of sleeves. There was nothing that he would not do; and there was nothing that he did not do in some sort well. He has been called "the Prince of General Utilities"; and the epithet is not without significance. He was born in 1804, and at twenty-two, having seen a great deal of amateur theatricals, he became an actor in right earnest. In those days England was still the England of Edmund Kean and the Kembles, of Young and Cooke, and Miss O'Neill—was still, in a word, the England of great actors and hard work. There were no runs; the scene-painter counted for less than nothing, the stage-manager for no more than his due; actor and actress had to play their best, and labour steadily, and be content to be the children of their works. Phelps, who was presently to be the type of a generation now vanished and dead, was from the first well served. He was for three years or so on the York Circuit, and his eldest son was born to him when he was earning little more than a pound a week, walking on Sundays from Leeds to York to see his wife, and not too proud, nor too affluent, to disdain a lift on a stage-coach when he was "padding the hoot" from one engagement to another. In 1830, the year of *Hernani*, when Frédrick, not older than himself, was already illustrious as Macaire, he is at Sheffield, winning golden opinions in parts so diverse and dissimilar as Home's Norval, Shakspeare's King John, and Holcroft's Goldfinch. From 1832 to 1836 he is playing at Belfast, Preston, Dundee, Inverness, Perth, and Aberdeen, succeeding, especially in Sir Archy Macsarcasm and the Dougal Creature; in 1836-37 he is at Worthing, Exeter, Plymouth, and Devonport, and shining in *Lear*, Mr. Samuel Coddle, Overreach, Sponge, John Jones, Virginius, Sir Edward Mortimer, Werner, Othello, and Howard Payne's Lucius Junius Brutus. In the last year, Macready runs down to see him at Southampton, and, after *The Iron Chest*, secures him—he having engaged himself meanwhile for a short season under Webster—for Covent Garden. Then he comes out at the Haymarket, and appears as Shylock, Mortimer, Hamlet, Richard, and Othello; until he is due at the big theatre, and has to measure swords there with Macready-Pierre as the Jaffier of *Venice Preserved*, and afterwards as Othello to the famous actor's Iago. The result is, our authors assert, and he himself believed, that he is "in theatrical parlance shelved." Macready "either kept him from acting altogether, or offered him second-rate characters," which, with Kean's example in his eye, and having been "accustomed to the first walk in the drama," he steadily declines to swallow. Macready refusing to let him go, unless he returns to the provinces, he takes counsel's opinion on his engagement; finds himself fairly in the toils; and although "he never dreamed" that his manager "would have asked him to act other than the principal or one of two principal characters in a piece," succumbs to destiny, and plays second and third fiddle—as Macduff, Cassius, the First Lord in *As You Like It*, the Dumont of *Jane Shore*, Antonio in *The Tempest*, Adrastus in *Ion*, Joseph in *Richelieu*—till the end of his engagement. At this time he is at daggers drawn with Macready, and even regards him as the Author of Evil; but, after trial on better and more equal footing at the Haymarket, and a term of two seasons at Drury Lane, the pair become fast friends, regard each other with the finest feelings, and in after years Phelps is candid enough to admit that in Macready's place he should have done the same for Macready as Macready had done for him. "Your time," our

authors make Macready say to him, "must come, but I am not going to try to hasten it. I was kept back by Young and Kean, and you will have to wait for me." And wait he does, playing any and everything—Stakely, Macduff, the Ghost in *Hamlet*, Antonio, Bellarius, Cassius, Leonato, Iago, Dentatus, Mr. Browning's Lord Tresham, Dr. Marston's Lord Lynterne, Hubert, Gabor (in *Werner*), Colonel Damas, Major Oakley—set down to him; offering to do the work and fill the place of Warde, Farren, and Bartley; and between whiles officiating at the Haymarket with Charles Kean, publicly presenting him (as Douglas Jerrold writes) "with a very handsome silver extinguisher," in *The Rose of Arragon*, and producing himself to good purpose in Overreach, in *Hamlet*, and the Duke Aranza; and appearing at Bath and Liverpool as *Lear*, Iago, Macbeth, Ford, Hotspur, and Romeo. Then, in 1844, he enters on the principal work of his life, and with Greenwood and Mrs. Warner takes possession of the "little theatre" at Sadler's Wells, which he is to keep for nineteen years on end, to which he gives himself wholly, and with which his fame is inseparably connected. In the annals of the stage there is nothing more courageous and unselfish, nor—all circumstances considered and all proportions duly taken into account—is there anything since Molière's final adventure in Paris which is more thoroughly successful.

The house was even disreputable; and Dickens, speaking "with as accurate a knowledge . . . as any man in the kingdom," described the audience as "one of the most vagabond . . . that ever went into a theatre." But the energy and conduct of Phelps and his associates, their accomplishment and sound judgment, were irresistible; and the end was that they created a public, which, on the authority of the same incomparable observer, was "one of the most intelligent and attentive . . . ever seen." And they did this not by pandering to the Islingtonian masses, but by appealing to the Islingtonian classes. Phelps, unlike the majority of his successors, had a great respect for his audiences and a profound regard for the drama *per se*. He believed in himself and his fellows, he believed in Shakspeare, he believed in the public; and the event showed that he was right. He produced during his term of management something like a hundred and thirty plays, mostly the work of men who in these days are accounted obsolete and impossible. Thirty-four of them were Shakspeare's; the others are divided between Massinger, Ford, Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, Garrick, Sheil, Southerne, Colman, Bulwer, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Macklin, Otway, Knowles, and the rest. "Monk" Lewis is there with his *Castle Spectre*, and Home with his *Douglas*, and Mathurin with his *Bertram*, and Talfourd with his *Ion*, and Bokar with his *Calaynos*, and a score forgotten or half forgotten besides. In all these Phelps bore a principal part. More than that, he rehearsed them with care, he cast them adequately and well, he produced them with an intelligent enthusiasm, the like of which is in these days so uncommon as to seem incredible in those. Among his coadjutors were Barrett and Bennett, Creswick, Anderson, and Henry Marston, Miss Glyn, Miss Addison, Mrs. Herman Vezin, and Mrs. Warner; they did their best for him, and worked as hard as he did; like himself, they were everything by turns, and nothing long; and if they did not make fortunes, they lived and thrived, and did their duty. It was the same with himself; he had never much money, but he was always an artist and a worker. Phelps played, not with one eye on his banker, but with both eyes on his poet, and who was content to work for his work's sake and his audience. The list of his essays is something to consider. Not Betterton's is more varied; even Garrick's is less full. He was Brutus and Jeremy Diddler, Duke Frederick and Sir Pertinax, Richelieu and Bottom, Hamlet and Lear, Arbaces and Macbeth, Sir Peter and Lord Lynterne, Luke and Lord Ogleby, Virginius and Young Rapid, Mordaunt and Armado, Jaques and Malvolio, Wolsey and Shallow and Sir John. In each and all of these his biographers are ready to pass their word that he was supreme; to compare him, and much to his advantage, with Cooke in one and Macready in another, with Charles Kemble in this and Edmund Kean in that; and to assure the world that he ranks with the greatest of all time. But it appears unquestionable that, even in his best years, he never—save perhaps in Wolsey and Sir Pertinax—achieved true greatness, and was, as somebody has said, at most "the heroic expression of the Stock Actor." Whatever intelligence, labour, earnestness of purpose, loftiness of aim—whatever these could accomplish, that he did; but it seems proved that he lacked the rare gift of personality, and was not in the high and good sense of the word a real tragic actor. When he was original he was grotesque, as in *Trapbois* and *James VI*. His comic masterpiece, the Sir Pertinax of *The Man of the World*, appears to have been largely indebted to the performance of William Murray; and in tragedy he must be held to have been subject, rather more than less, to the inspiration of his greater predecessors and contemporaries. All this to the contrary, it must be asserted, to his undying honour, that he was of all sound actors the soundest, and that no man has lived who worked harder for his art, or pursued a loftier ideal, than he. In the last years of his life he accomplished much in melodrama, and appeared, with no small success, in companies of which he was but one of several attractions. But his ambition never dwindled; he never bated an ace of his disdain for honours that were merely worldly; he remained to the very last the earnest, strenuous, indefatigable artist of old time. And when, at seventy-four or so, he passed from the stage, and soon afterwards from life itself, it was felt that, whatever his faults, he had done a man's work, and shown an example of thoroughness and

* *The Life and Life-Work of Samuel Phelps.* By W. May Phelps and John Forbes-Robertson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

devotion which had exercised a genuine influence for good, and will not soon be forgotten.

His biographers remark of him that he "inherited the instincts of a gentleman," and "was therefore of good family." That is a good example of their logical habit. Of the decline and fall of G. V. Brooke they note that he "had been smitten by a lady of Babylonian beauty, sojourning in the Granite City." That is fairly representative of their theory and practice of style. The rest may well be silence.

THE COMMUNE OF 1871.*

MRS. AVELING has acted rather a stepmotherly part to the hero of her adoption. She has clothed M. Lissagaray's book in an English dress; but she has failed properly to introduce it and its author into the society to which she wishes to make him and it known. It was said of a publisher (now no more—that is to say, now no more a publisher, for we believe he exists in some other character) that he used to expose his books as some ancient peoples exposed their children, leaving them to live or die according to their intrinsic strength of constitution or to favouring or adverse circumstances. He exercised no fostering care over them. Mrs. Aveling has acted in a similar fashion with this *History of the Commune of 1871*. Or, she may be said to have flung it as a sort of missile at the head of the British public, giving herself no particular pains to take correct aim or to see whether it hits or misses its mark. She tells us, indeed, that "Lissagaray's *Histoire de la Commune* is the only authentic and reliable history as yet written of the most memorable movement of modern times." But who Lissagaray is she does not vouchsafe to inform the reader, further than by saying that he was a soldier of the Commune. The almost monumental and epigraphic conciseness and solemnity of the statement on the title-page, "from the French of Lissagaray," follow, indeed, the precedent of the original Brussels edition of the work, which announced itself with stately simplicity as "par Lissagaray." But 1876, it is arithmetically obvious, was closer to 1871 than 1886 is, and Brussels is morally, as well as in linear miles, a good deal nearer to Paris than London is, to say nothing of that silver streak of dissociating ocean which happily acts as a non-conductor of French revolutionary ideas as well as of French arms. Fame is so hampered by chronological and geographical limitations that the proud announcement "by Lissagaray," which might have been enough ten years ago in Brussels, is rather apt to puzzle than to inform the modern Englishman outside the regions of Leicester Square and Fitzroy Street, whence the original Brussels edition of 1876 is dated.

Mrs. Aveling would have done well, if only from such sources as the ordinary French books of contemporary biography supply, to tell in outline the story of her author and her life. It has its moral, though not precisely the moral which either she or he would desire to point. Without raising the question whether the French Revolution was, as Michelet and Victor Hugo contend, the crowning benediction of Providence on the human race, or, as M. Taine and Mr. Goldwin Smith protest, the greatest calamity of history—or neither one nor the other, but perhaps a little of both—it is, we fear, indisputable that its example has perverted many characters originally not without generosity and nobleness, and diverted to the pursuits of chimeras many intelligences which might have done respectable and even distinguished work in literature and the public service. It severed the thread of continuity which connected the France of the past with the France of the present and future. It uprooted from the minds of succeeding generations the traditions of the national character, embodied in its history, its literature, and language; and left them a prey to abstractions as little related to anything human as Conradus Crambe's abstract idea of the Lord Mayor was to the gorgeous reality. It has led them, neglecting history and testing everything by an arbitrary idea of a perfect state, to regard society as a system of organized oppression and plunder against which relentless and unscrupulous war is to be made. The only work of M. Lissagaray's, besides that before us, of which we have any immediate remembrance is a lecture delivered by him at one of the series of Conferences held in 1864 in the Rue de la Paix, entitled "Alfred de Musset devant la Jeunesse." The lecture, which was accompanied in its delivery by that running commentary of "bruits," "murmures," and "applaudissements" dear to the stormy heart of young France, was an attack upon Musset as a Sybarite and egotist, a "Banjo-Byron," to borrow Mr. Browning's phrase, a sham Goethe, a spurious Rousseau; no real child of his age, as he professed to be; unable to speak, as Lamennais did, the words of a believer; vain, egotistic, sensual; a corrupter of the youth of France. Musset was without hope; but, M. Lissagaray rejoins, duty can, if need be, dispense with hope. While there is suffering, he told his hearers, we must strive to annihilate it; while an error exists we must combat it, till one or the other falls; while there are men we have brothers to whom we must not be wanting; instead of looking, like Musset, for love in the last hour, we demand no recompense, and if we die for the right we are willing to die. These phrases, whether rhetorical effervescence or really expressive of purpose and conviction, do not carry us forward very far. In their general state-

ment they exhibit a nobler view of life than Musset's. We have no right to dispute M. Lissagaray's sincerity, we have no wish to do it, and no evidence upon which we can do it. But everything depends on the mode in which these heroic resolutions and aspirations are reduced to practice. M. Lissagaray set up newspapers, and got prosecuted and imprisoned by the Imperial Government; he fought a duel, more serious than the duels of journalists usually are, with that redoubtable swordsman Paul de Cassagnac, his cousin—"a little more than kin and less than kind"—and received a severe wound; he took part, as an improvised General of Division, in the organization of camps of instruction under the Government of the National Defence; and, on the outbreak of the insurrection of the Commune, was one of its most strenuous and uncompromising champions, both by pen and sword. Escaping to England, he wrote the history of the Commune, of which the first edition was published in Brussels in 1876. Mrs. Aveling's translation contains a hundred additional pages, prepared for a second edition of the book, intended for publication in Paris, but forbidden by the French Government.

M. Lissagaray's work, even if we admit its good faith and truthfulness, cannot be considered a History, still less the History of the Commune. It is a contribution to the history of it, a memoir which may be of use to the future historian. But it is the pleading of an advocate, not the summing up of a judge. *Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra*. Crimes were committed on both sides of the fortifications of Paris; and there were men of honest purpose and of goodwill both among the Versailles and the Federalists. But even M. Lissagaray's narrative does not leave it possible to doubt that the balance of guilt was with those on whom the punishment fell, though it fell, too, on many who had not deserved it. The Commune of 1871 was, on its most innocent side, a childish parody of the Commune of 1790-2. In the beginning the Girondins were the true Federalists, and endeavoured to raise the provinces against the Republic one and indivisible, of which Paris and the Commune, dominated by the Jacobins, aspired to be the dictator. Afterwards when the Commune came into conflict with the Convention the part which the former played was reversed. But the Commune of 1871 had really no political idea at the bottom of it. The doctrine of Federalism was assumed merely to gain over to its side the great towns of France. It was on the part of some of its adherents a revolt of anarchy and plunder, on the part of others the outbreak of an undefined and inarticulate discontent, knowing little of its own grounds and still less of any purpose or method. It was the urban version of the Jacquerie of early French history and of the Peasants' revolt of England, and the lesson which it teaches is what they also teach. Whatever the aims of some of the leaders and many of the followers, the worst men and the worst passions are likely in the long run to gain the ascendant, and after wholesale massacres and nameless deeds of individual crime, the old wrongs are more likely to be confirmed than abated. Social revolt is the worst enemy of social reform.

BOOKS ON ART.*

THE progress of the art of book illustration has been very rapid of late years; so rapid, indeed, that the pace has begun to tell on the runners, and we are forced to look back with regret on the sober old days when Bewick and Harvey and their disciples delighted a limited public with beautiful woodcuts, and when photography with all its attendant train of horrors was as yet unknown. A little handbook to the National Gallery was published in 1843, when the whole number of pictures was barely over two hundred. It is written and edited by "Felix Summerly," and, as a catalogue, is poor enough; but it contains what are described on the title-page as "reminiscences of the most celebrated pictures, drawn from the originals by John, James, and William Linnell." The illustrations are exquisite, though the largest, which represents the great "Raising of Lazarus," by Sebastian del Piombo, No. 1 in the National Gallery Catalogues, is only 3½ inches high by 2½ inches in width. It would be impossible to surpass the delicate rendering of No. 186, the famous portrait of John Arnolfini and his wife by Van Eyck, yet it only measures a couple of inches in height. These cuts, small as they are, give a true idea of the design, the light and shade, and even the colour of the pictures; and, if we compare them with the illustrations which photography has made possible after more than forty years of supposed progress in the arts, the result is far from encouraging. As far as possible the words "reproduction" and "facsimile" ought to be expunged from the book-illustrator's vocabulary. The reproduction of a work is an impossibility. The phrase is a contradiction in terms. A man who can produce a great work of art may produce another. It is possible that Leonardo could have

* *Engraving: its Origin, Processes, and History.* By Henri Delaborde. London: Cassell & Co. 1886.

Dictionnaire des Fondateurs. Par A. de Champeaux. Paris: Rouam. 1886.

Dessins d'Ornements de Hans Holbein. Texte par Edouard His. Paris: Boussois, Valadon, et Cie. 1887.

Female Costume Pictures, from Twelve Drawings in Pastel. By Robert Beyerhag. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

Scenes from the Life of Our Saviour. By H. Hofmann. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

The Century Guild Hobby Horse. No. 4. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

* *The History of the Commune of 1871.* Translated from the French of Lissagaray. By Eleanor Marx Aveling. London: Reeves & Turner. 1886.

printed the Louvre "Madonna aux Rochers" as well as the picture in the National Gallery. But, assuming that he painted both, they are not facsimiles one of the other; they are not "reproductions" in the modern School of Art sense. But the word reproduction is seldom applied to a case like this. In the South Kensington dictionary it would mean either a cast, a coloured photograph, or a copy of the work of a great artist by an inferior. The best examples of this kind of art must be sought, however, not in England, in spite of some thirty years spent in training, but in Italy, where copiers are to be found who, by long practice and study of one picture, sometimes attain great ease and power in imitating or forging it. Yet there is hardly a single Italian painter of the present day known to fame, and there is certainly not one of first or even second rank. So much for the influence of "reproduction." A majority of the books on art, therefore, which come before the critic are praised, if he can praise them at all, with large reservations; and he looks, too often in vain, for some sign that public taste is being educated to a higher level, and that the knowledge of art, so far as it can be attained through the medium of "reproductions," which are now made so easily, has any tendency to produce great original genius. The Vicomte Henri Delaborde, of the French Print Department at the Bibliothèque Nationale in the Rue Richelieu, published some years ago an octavo volume entitled *La Gravure*, in which a profound knowledge of the subject was displayed. Mr. Sparkes has done well to add a translation of the work to his Fine Art Library, and has been fortunate in securing the services of a good French scholar and art critic in Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson as translator. Mr. Stevenson has endeavoured to render M. Delaborde's meaning as literally as possible; and has contrived to do it without servility, turning the author's vigorous French into equally vigorous English. One thing we may object to, namely, that the constant misuse by M. Delaborde of the word "talent," as meaning cleverness and something more, is too closely imitated by Mr. Stevenson. But this is a small matter. Far more important is the comparative failure of the illustrations. In *La Gravure* they are, for the most part, reductions or facsimiles of prints. In *Engraving* they appear to be "reproductions" of the illustrations of the former book. Whether the plates of *La Gravure* are worn out, or whether, instead of printing from them directly, casts have been taken, we cannot of course say; but it is as much to the disadvantage of the pictures in the English volume to compare them with those in the French as it would be to compare the last named with the original prints. Frenchmanlike, M. Delaborde almost ignored English engraving, and the want of an adequate notice has been supplied by Mr. Walker, some of whose omissions are almost as remarkable. There is only a line about the Landseer family, for instance, and no special mention of a very eminent and original engraver, Thomas Landseer. The difference in style between the diffuse, interesting, and sometimes useful generalizations of the French writer and the closely-packed catalogue which forms Mr. Walker's contribution has a singular effect on the reader. Between the two, however, this should prove a very valuable addition to the reference-books of any art library. Another French work on art is the dictionary of metal-workers, chasers, modellers in bronze, and gilders, from the middle ages to the present time, of which the first volume, A—C, has been issued. M. A. de Champeaux goes very fully into his subject, and the article headed "Christoffe" is a small treatise in its way, as is that on "Barbedienne." On the other hand, the page and a half devoted to Boule are insufficient, and the matter is very incomplete.

The designs of Holbein are often talked about, but seldom seen, and such a volume as this of M. Edouard His is most welcome. The prints, of which there are fifty-one, comprising a large number of separate drawings, seem, without actual comparison, to be marvellous as facsimiles of the original drawings. They consist of architectural designs, heraldry, jewelry, armour, furniture, symbolical devices, and everything, in fact, except the ordinary drawings, portraits, or historical pieces, which we associate with the name of Holbein. The imitation of his hand and method is exact; and most students of this kind of art who are familiar with the collections of Holbein's works in this country, especially at Windsor Castle and in the British Museum, all of which have been carefully examined by M. Edouard His, will agree that, as examples for teaching, they are only inferior to the originals themselves. The amazing industry and variety of Holbein's genius, his unerring directness of touch, his freedom from mannerism, and the almost exuberant playfulness of his fancy, are all characteristics often remarked upon; but another point not so often noticed comes out very clearly from a careful examination of these points. There is an inherent beauty, a subtle delicacy of line and composition, of light and shade and proportion, which produce on the eye the same kind of effect that good music produces on the ear—an effect frequently spoken of by lovers of either art, but not very frequently encountered so distinctly. This is certainly a very charming and very instructive collection.

It is not easy to turn from these drawings of Hans Holbein, of which even the slightest is in its way a masterpiece, to the mere prettiness of Herr Beyschlag's *Costume Pictures*. The female faces are pleasing enough, and the costumes have evidently been carefully studied from contemporary drawings and pictures. Of Herr Hofmann's *Scenes from the Life of Our Saviour* it is difficult to take any very serious notice. They are more correctly drawn than similar work by the late M. Gustave Doré, and have otherwise no

special merit or distinctive quality which we can characterize. The groups are not strictly Oriental, nor yet chronologically Roman, or Greek, or Jewish. Yet we cannot condemn them as bad in art or wanting in a soft religious feeling which may commend them to some minds. Of this book, and of Herr Beyschlag's, the most prominent feature is external; for the magnificence of the covers and their lining seems almost of set purpose calculated to condone the shortcomings of prints they protect.

The fourth number of the *Century Guild Hobby Horse* is also before us. The gentlemen who have started and so far sustained this "advanced" periodical seem at last, if we may pursue their own metaphor, to be settling into their stride, and prancing less extravagantly than at first. The inordinate and unreasoning admiration of Blake which prompts the publication of a great folding frontispiece, with the broadsheet of "Little Tom the Sailor," a doggerel ballad of which happily but one copy survived, is somewhat mitigated by the two facsimiles of cartoons for stained glass designed by Rossetti, and by a careful and learned chapter on Inigo Jones by Mr. Herbert P. Horne, which somehow, perhaps rightly, suggests to their readers' mind the melancholy conclusion that we have no architects now.

THE BOOK LOVER.*

MR. FITZGERALD has published a little book full of matter, and at once interesting and provoking. It is rich in the gossip about bargains, prices, editions, that the book-hunter revels in, but it is also too much marked by the typographical blunders which especially assail the bibliographer. These errors seem to take a positive pleasure in appearing just where they are most out of place, and type—when a man is engaged on a work for bibliophiles—has a native tendency to become "pie." These facts may, or may not, justify a Manichean view of the universe. We shall endeavour to show how Mr. Fitzgerald's volume is beset by errors of the press, or of haste, and wish him a speedy opportunity of correcting them, if they will let themselves be corrected. It is a trifling inconsistency (p. 3) to trace the hobby of book-collecting from almost "the first days of printing," when Lucian's savage satire on the ignorant collector has just been quoted. On p. 6 there is no inverted comma to tell where the quotation about Macaulay begins that ends on p. 7. One would like to know whence comes the anecdote quoted on pages 7 and 8, where, by the way, it is stated that Mr. Gladstone loves the *chasse au bouquin*. Is A. de Torresanis de Ausla the correct Latin for Andrea Torressano d'Asola (p. 12)? Andreas Asulanus, not Auslanus, seems the better reading of his name (Didot, *Alde Manuce*, p. 170, note). On p. 23, top line, the word "bequeathed," or something of that sort, seems to have been omitted in printing. One might like better security for the anecdote of Poggio's discovery of Quintilian in a dungeon of the monastery of St. Gall than is offered by "a writer in *The Fireside*." With the Elzevirs we come to many passages where Mr. Fitzgerald seems to have conned his Willems inattentively. Surely the Elzevirs practically ceased to work before instead of "a little after" the beginning of the eighteenth century. The last of Daniel's widow's books at Amsterdam is 1681, though some came from the same types in 1684. Mr. Fitzgerald says that the Elzevirs "ordered, as it was said, type from Garamond, a noted Paris founder"; but he should consult Willems, p. lxxx. Garamond died in 1561, "nearly three-quarters of a century before the Elzevirs brought out their first masterpieces." M. Willems decides that Christophe Van Dyck was the Dutch engraver who designed types for the Elzevirs. This we have on the evidence of a letter of the widow of Daniel Elzevir (Jan. 3, 1681). Again, about the Elzevir Terence (1635) we think Mr. Fitzgerald a little out of his reckoning. Without giving a date he says, "the connoisseur looks eagerly at the Terence to see that it is the genuine first edition. For two followed, which are held to be spurious . . ." Now Willems agrees with Millot that there are *five* editions of the 1635 Terence, and he prefers the first, fourth, and fifth issues. We have possessed a Terence of 1635, which differed from all five editions as described by Willems. It is certainly a very pretty piece of work. Perhaps Mr. Fitzgerald follows Chenu (*Bulletin de Bibliophile*, 1847, p. 77), who counts three editions. He should not print *Pâtissier Français*, but *Pâtissier François*, as the title of the famous rare book, nor say "there have at times been a rage" (p. 50) where the irrepressible printer puts in his stroke. The *Montaigne* (Bruxelles, 1659) is a Foppens, and not, in spite of Bérard, an Elzevir at all. Longepierre's copy (150 *millimètres*) has fetched over 200*l.* These trifles may be excused for the sake of the pleasant description of the Plantins' old house of business, and the contrast with black and bustling Bouverie Street. When it comes to Caxtons, Mr. Fitzgerald runs away from us; but was the Valpy of the Delphin editions "an enterprising printer" (p. 79)? We had thought otherwise. Mr. Fitzgerald's remarks on an author's text, which ceases to be controlled by the author as soon as his book is published, are most sensible and should make us all very careful. Yet who is so careful but that strange offences confront him as soon as it is too late to remove them? In an interesting chapter on binding a pedant might hint that the daisy

* *The Book Lover*. By Percy Fitzgerald. London: Sampson Low & Co.

device and motto *Expectata non eludet* are only probably attributed to Marguerite de Valois. Mr. Fitzgerald, of course, knows better; but in talking of Grolier, and speaking of "a sight of a piece of this master's work," he encourages the dallards who think that Grolier was a binder. Would any one talk of "a piece of this master's work" in speaking of a book bound for M. Eugène Paillet? What Mr. Fitzgerald means is that Grolier is said to have designed some interlaced ornament, which is probable enough, though we should like to see authority for the belief. There must be a misprint (p. 111) where it is said that "the lines, though attenuated, lack force and breadth." Attenuated lines generally do. M. Morgand, not M. Morgaud (p. 117), is the great Paris bookseller. Lemerre and Paul Lacroix are better known under these names than as Le Merre and La Croix. If M. Cochin is right, Choffard did four vignettes and fifty-three *cule-de-lampe*, not "fifty-seven tail pieces," for the La Fontaine's *Contes* of 1762. A copy has been sold for 520*l.* Mr. Fitzgerald gives 35*l.* as a high price. The dear copy was bound by Derome père. As Mr. Fitzgerald does not say which of La Fontaine's books he is speaking of, it is not always easy to trace the works he refers to in Cochin. "The one in four folios of the dates 1755-59" is the *Fables*. The "six volumes octavo" referred to (p. 215) are also the *Fables*, and Cochin has no very high opinion of them. It is very puzzling work to read of "editions of La Fontaine" without anything to show which of his books is intended.

These may seem pedantic corrections, nor do we propose to offer any more of them. But bibliography, even when it is gossip, has a need of pedantry, as far as correctness is pedantic. Had he condescended to be more careful, Mr. Fitzgerald's book would have been as useful as it is amusing and agreeable to read. There is hardly a branch of the sport of book-hunting that he does not touch on; he is always diverting; and, when he has taken more trouble with mint and cumin, his book will be a capital little manual.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

III.

ILLUSTRATED books, and books in which pictures are intended to be the chief attraction, form a goodly proportion of the season's literature. One of the most pleasing of these is Gray's *Elegy*, issued by Messrs. Field & Tuer, with illustrations by Norman Prescott Davies, and an introduction by Professor J. W. Hales, of King's College, London. The sixteen illustrations are delicately reproduced facsimiles of the artist's original drawings, now in the possession of the Princess of Wales. The *Elegy* has never failed to allure artists since 1751, when, within a few months of its publication, Richard Bentley was already engaged on his designs for the *Elegy* and certain of the *Odes* that appeared two years later. Almost innumerable are the subsequent attempts to give pictorial expression to the sentiment and imagery of the poem. Notwithstanding the extent and variety of this accumulated work, Mr. Norman Davies has succeeded in proving once more the inexhaustible suggestiveness of the theme. It were, perhaps, a little excessive to say he has illustrated, in the primitive sense of the word, his subject in every instance, though where he fails in insight or frankly evades the text he is always faithful to the brooding pensiveness that characterizes the poem. His eighth illustration is an example of this. Its association with the two stanzas commencing "Some village Hampden" is exceedingly dim and distant. It might with equal force embellish many another book, and lose nothing by a transposition which should be impossible with inspired illustration. Mr. John C. Nimmo is the publisher of *The Song of Songs*, with etchings by MM. Hédouin and Boilvin, after designs by Bida, printed on India paper. The edition, which is limited to two hundred and fifty copies, is handsome in all respects and the etchings are carefully printed. As to the merits of the designs opinion must needs differ, according to the many interpretations of the text that now obtain. The artist has chosen the most obvious and the least arduous path open to him. He employs no symbolism, and discreetly avoids any suggestion of the mystical significance of the Oriental poem. He is fairly successful in preserving the Eastern character of his types, his composition is sometimes happy, his treatment of drapery is frequently excellent. His conception of the subject is, however, lacking in warmth and fancy, is harsh and austere in sentiment, and curiously insensible to the luxuriant and exalted hyperbole of the text. The *cule-de-lampe*, by Gustave Greux, comprise some beautiful floral designs. A picture-book that is sure of popularity is Thackeray's spirited ballad, *The Chronicle of the Drum* (Warne & Co.). The poem overbrims with pictorial suggestion of almost infinite variety, and is treated with much sympathy and power by Messrs. Howard Pyle, A. B. Frost, Lungren, and their colleagues. Not a point of artistic interest, a picturesque hint, or dramatic touch, seems to have been missed by the artists. Altogether the illustrations are as comprehensive in scope as they are adequate in spirit. The engravers' work varies considerably in force and character. A word of praise is due to Mr. Gibson's effective and tasteful title-pieces, representing trophies of arms, drums, colours, and other military insignia. Messrs. Field & Tuer's "Illustrated Gleanings from the Classics" introduce us to another order of book-illustration. The first number of this interesting and marvellously cheap series is entitled *Sir Charles Grandison*. It contains six of Isaac Taylor's illustrations printed from the original copper-plates of the artist, and is prefaced by

brief notes on author and artist. *Solomon Gessner* comprises a portrait of the author of the *Idylls* and six designs by Stothard, printed from Robert Cromek's plates. In both books the impressions are fairly satisfactory, the Stothards being somewhat the sharper. These charming survivals of the age of copper-plates, accompanied by all the needful literary exposition, are published at sixteenpence the number. From the same publishers we receive 1,000 *Quaint Cuts*, a rich and wonderful collection of wood-engravings from old story-books, fables, chap-books, with an assortment of initial-letters, tail-pieces, and other ornamental block-work. This entertaining book realizes in some measure one of our cherished desires. Merely to treat this collection as a scrap-book, turning the pages leisurely and with a dainty apprehension of its treasures and surprises, is to revive a hundred delightful associations. The exquisite little drawings of the Countess Spencer (1793), or the Dürer-like study of Robinson Crusoe in his cave (p. 76), or the appalling Polyphemus piping to the buoyant nymph on the dolphin (p. 47)—any one of these delights is worth the one-and-fourpence.

Everybody not actually engaged in training infant minds for a course of Board Schools will rejoice to see a new edition of Mr. J. O. Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England* (Warne & Co.), with illustrations by Mr. W. B. Scott. The directions for playing the rhymed "games" are very useful, and it is a sensible advantage to have so large a collection arranged in sections. *Favourite Rhymes for the Nursery* (Nelson) is a small illustrated selection of the better-known rhymes, and is well fitted for the use of children who have mastered their first reading-lessons. Mr. J. L. Wimbush produces some striking effects in black and white in his illustrations to *The Fakenham Ghost* (Wells Gardner & Co.), and his ghost is cleverly presented; but why should he transform the panic-stricken old woman (p. 22) into a youthful creature at the very moment when,

Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Songs of the Woods (Nelson) is a little volume of sylvan poetry illustrated by pretty cuts of birds and woodlands by Giacomelli. The selection is admirably chosen from the poets, not the poetasters. Mrs. C. C. Campbell's *Home for the Holidays* (Nelson) would be more amusing if it did not impart so much information. There is some ingenuity in the contrivance, though it is doubtful if holidays are holidays when so much involuntary learning is in progress as in these insinuating pages. *Rinaultrie* (Nelson) is a Scottish story by Mrs. Milne Rae, with some clever sketches of character, and studies of home-life which are sincere and comprehensive, if somewhat tediously evolved. The sobriety and veracity of scene and character in *Rinaultrie* may be found very medicinal after a surfeit of more clamorous stories, such as *Jack Hooper*, by Verney Lovett Cameron (Nelson). Boys will follow the adventures of Jack with breathless interest. The encounters with lions, elephants, and other wild beasts are described with astonishing verve; while Mr. Cameron's pictures of life among the Boers, the Bechuanas, and in Griqualand are equal in charm of colour and realism to anything of the kind in his volumes of travel. The never-ceasing excitement of the story is effectively set forth in the illustrations. Any one who opens the book by chance at page 76 will be irresistibly led to read the account of Mr. Penton's dead shot, for no curiosity could withstand the surprising and inscrutable picture of a noble lion mortally shot in mid-air when apparently leaping across a considerable river. Among the other illustrations, we must note as equally graphic and more acceptable the thrilling situation in "The Wounded Lioness," and the thirsty lion "At the Pool," after Mr. Briton Rivière.

A delightful addition to the wealth of Oriental stories available to English readers is *The History of Forty Vezirs* (Redway), done into English by Mr. E. J. W. Gibb, from the Turkish of Sheykh-Zâda. The collection comprises 112 stories. To the forty told by the Lady and those of the forty Vezirs, Mr. Gibb has added four from Belletête, twenty from a MS. in the India Office, six from Dr. Behrmann's translation, and two from a MS. recently purchased of Mr. Quaritch. The results of collation are admirably summarized in a comparative table that analyses the contents of the various texts. In the preface Mr. Gibb deals with the bibliography of the French and German versions, and indicates some of the more interesting parallels suggested by those old stories in the *Gesta Romanorum*, the *Decameron*, the *Thousand and One Nights*, the *Mabinogion*, and other treasuries of old-world fable. In short, Mr. Gibb has considerably done everything to help the reader to an intelligent appreciation of this charming book. Prize stories, like prize poems and essays, are seldom stimulating reading—which is, perhaps, the last thing they should be. No exception to the rule can be found in Mr. William J. Lacey's "Prize Temperance Tale," *Through Storm to Sunshine* (Nelson). It is more sober and unfortunately even more dull than Mrs. Henry Wood's *Daneshbury House*. From the same publishers we receive *Changed Scenes; or, the Castle and the Cottage*, a pretty and interesting story by Lady Hope, in which the fortunes of two engaging motherless girls are told with uncommon fidelity to nature. Some allegorical sketches by an anonymous writer, skilfully interpolated in the narrative, are ingeniously wrought, and show an inventive fancy. Messrs. Nelson & Son also issue *Georgie Merton; or, Only a Girl*, a story for children, by Florence Harrington, illustrating the sad misdeeds of a number of wilful youngsters, who, for all their wrongdoing, are presented in an attractive guise. The moralist may deplore this

common tendency in books that portray the round of life in the nursery, but we cannot find it in our heart to reprehend if only nature is not outraged. From the National Society's Depository we receive *The Heroine of a Basket Van*, by M. Bramston, a picturesque tale of the darker side of rural life; and *Scapegrace Dick*, a story of the times of the Commonwealth, by Frances Mary Peard. Dick Repton, Mrs. Peard's hero, is "a fine sturdy apple-faced boy," who lives to fight under Blake against the Dutch and the Spaniards, and is altogether a capital study of a healthy, mischievous, and hearty English boy. His adventures are vivaciously told and tax neither the faith nor the patience of the reader. The author's discreet treatment of the historical material, skilful evolution of incident, and truthful local colour merit warm acknowledgment.

From Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. several elegant little publications in novel forms come to hand. *The Diverting History of Three Blind Mice*, cleverly illustrated by E. Caldwell, with the familiar music and rhymes, invests an old friend with novel attraction. *Golden Garlands* and *The First Christmas* are issued in cases and bound in watered silk, tiny examples of illumination and printing in colour and gold that are very agreeable to the eye within and without. Still more fascinating are the coloured illustrations to *Pets and Playmates*, the pictures by Edith Scannell, with verses by Eliza Keary. From the S. P. C. K. we have received four stories that may be said to merit the negative praise that they are unexciting specimens of fiction, with the positive commendation that all alike are readable. Miss Helen Shipton's *Jud*, illustrated by Everard Hopkins, and *Swanford Bridge*, by the author of *King's Marden*, are perhaps more robust in their presentment of life and its responsibilities than the rest. *Ureula's Story*, by Esmé Stuart, and *A Garland of Seven Lilies*, by M. Linskill, possess more of the character of the novelette. Both are admirably illustrated by Mr. F. Dadd. *High and Lowly* (Nisbet & Co.) is a story too colourless to be characterized. The six brief stories for children by Robina F. Hardy, issued in Messrs. Nelson & Sons' "The Way to Win Series," are all brightly written and admirably suited to the capacity of very young children. *Jerusalem the Golden* (Nelson), with a memoir of Dr. Neale, the translator of the popular hymn, is illustrated by Mr. Clark Stanton, R.S.A. *The Children's Treasury* is an annual for children issued by the same publishers, with fair engravings and well-varied letterpress.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE seventh volume of M. de Pontmartin's *Souvenirs* (1) has become so frankly modern that it deals with the Duc d'Aumale's *Condé* and with M. Octave Feuillet's *La Morte*. But we always like to read M. de Pontmartin, and we really do not mind whether his *Souvenirs* are new or old. It is especially pleasing to find an article on *Laurie*; for, as we have said before, there is no living critic better qualified to deal with M. Zola than M. de Pontmartin. He does not in the least mind what he says; he is not squeamish at touching muck, and at the same time he gives the said muck as vigorous a tossing as even it deserves. Nor for all his asperity is he unfair, giving to the really charming beginning of the book all the praise it deserves.

"Don't talk to me, impercence!" was the remark made by a great historical character, and we really do not know, vernacular as it is, that any better remark could be made by a virtuous person to M. le Vicomte Richard O'Monroy (2). The "impercence" of that descendant of the Crusader Blondel is quite undeniable; his discourse is frequently unedifying; his subjects not unfrequently subjects better left alone. But, then, he seldom or never fails to make one laugh, and laugh heartily, and that in these days is so great a thing! It is perhaps unnecessary to say who it is who thus describes herself in a competition for the prize of beauty:—" (Quant à mon corps). . . c'est quelque chose d'éthéré et de flottant qui s'enroule, se déroule, se tord, sans lignes précises et sans formes bien accusées. . . Où sont mes jambes? Je l'ignore. Où sont mes bras? Je ne l'ai jamais bien su. Où est mon torse? Peut-être ici, peut-être là!"

If the irreligion of the future is condemned to read M. Guyau's book (3), or anything like it, it will certainly turn with bitter tears of contrition towards the neglected gods. The less discreet cultivators of those gods have sometimes approached M. Guyau in dulness, it may be; assuredly they have never surpassed him. And then his irreligion is of so painfully daring a type. "M. Arnold" (our own Matthew!), he says, "cet esprit si délié, mais si peu droit et si peu logique." Dear! dear! dear! what are we coming to?

We do not quite seize M. Antonelli's object in writing *Les Chinois peints par un Français* (4), unless it be to correct what seem to him some errors of Colonel Tchong-ki-Tong's. His book is a painstaking and, as far as those who are not specialists in a very special matter may presume to judge, accurate account of Chinese institutions. But, unless we mistake, such accounts

have recently been unusually numerous in French, and we hardly see that another was needed.

La vie en plein air (5) is a collection of the sporting articles and paragraphs on a wide diversity of subjects contributed by the author to a newspaper during the last twelvemonth. It has a good index of names, but would need one of subjects to make it thoroughly useful. Moreover, much of the matter is of very ephemeral interest.

Mr. Thomson's book on Massi-land (6) has had the honour of a French translation pretty early. The version is well done and well illustrated.

It was desirable and almost necessary that M. Cantacuzène, whose previous work on Schopenhauer is well known and considerable, should complete it by a translation into French of that not very estimable philosopher's masterpiece. He has done this in two goodly volumes (7), extremely well printed at (as we think from the look of the type and from the appearance of a Roumanian publisher's name side by side with M. Perrin's) Bucharest, manageable, if not exactly handy in size, and in every way readable. *Die Welt als Wille und als Vorstellung* is a very famous book, but it is a book which we suspect is more talked of than read. For general purposes of reading French is undoubtedly the best medium of translation; for it is nearly as legible as their own tongues to all decently-educated Europeans, and, despite certain well-known drawbacks, has a character well suited for at least prose version.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THERE are perhaps no matters of national interest more completely caviare to the general than the history, aims, and work of the Ordnance Survey, and any attempt to elucidate these dark mysteries should be welcome, now that every field of knowledge is popularized by text-books and manuals. The Government map of one inch to the mile, the familiar companion of the tourist and the hunting man, is well known to the public; but popular appreciation of the subject can hardly be said to extend beyond this. Much necessary enlightenment is supplied by Lieutenant-Colonel T. Pilkington White, R.E., in an interesting little volume entitled *The Ordnance Survey of the United Kingdom* (Blackwood & Sons). The author's object is to give a "short popular account" of the Survey that combines an historical narrative with a scientific exposition. With the most praiseworthy desire to avoid technical terms, it is impossible to treat of triangulation without reference to spheroidal triangles, "least squares," "spherical excess," and so forth; and it is not Colonel White's fault that his second chapter must perplex the non-mathematical reader who is attracted by the promise of a popular account of an abstruse subject. At the same time, we cannot help thinking that a detailed description of the apparatus of the engineer and sapper might have greatly simplified this portion of the book. The nature and uses of the theodolite, for instance, might have been clearly set forth in a few pages to the great advantage of most readers. Apart from this objection, the book fulfils all reasonable expectations. As the record of a century of work, in which every stage of progress is carefully discriminated, it may be justly regarded as an excellent centenary memorial of a great national undertaking. Nor is the practical utility of the book, as a guide to the present labours of the Survey Department and an index to the problems of the future, less noteworthy than the suggestiveness of its historical retrospect.

"Is there a science of Pedagogics?" is the first question that confronts us in Mr. William H. Payne's *Contributions to the Science of Education* (Blackie & Sons), and it would seem to admit of but one answer, seeing that Mr. Payne is himself professor of the art and the science of teaching in the University of Michigan. By this we understand that Mr. Payne is an educational theorist as well as a teacher. "A pedagogue," he observes, "was a slave charged with the duty of conducting children to school," and he thinks it is childish to affect a dislike for the word on etymological grounds. Many people think it would be well if we could revive both the word and its associated duties. The modern type is almost always a reformer, often enough a faddist, and is seldom so usefully employed as gathering errant youth together and guiding their steps schoolward. There is not a little in Mr. Payne's volume that will repay the attention of teachers. His judgment of the educational system of Pestalozzi, Froebel, and others is sober, and he is commendably free from the passion for reforming the world that does most beset writers on education. It is strange, however, considering his belief in the law of the oscillation of opinion between extremes, that he should believe that the educational influence of the Church must suffer by the secularization of schools. "It is to be noted," he says, "that educating is the last prerogative that the Church has surrendered; or, more truly, it might be said that the last parley is now in progress that precedes this final surrender." This statement is scarcely supported by the educational statistics of religious bodies, and Mr. Payne's law of oscillation seems already retarding the advance of secularism.

In the thirteenth edition of the late Archbishop Trench's *Notes*

(5) *La vie en plein air*. Par Florian Pharson. Paris: Ollendorff.

(6) *Au pays des Massai*. Par J. Thomson. Paris: Hachette.

(7) *Le monde comme volonté et comme représentation*. Par A. Schopenhauer. Traduit par J. A. Cantacuzène. Paris: Perrin.

(1) *Souvenirs d'un vieux critique*. Par A. de Pontmartin. Septième série. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *Un peu! Beaucoup! Passionnément!* Par Richard O'Monroy. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(3) *L'irreligion de l'avenir*. Par M. Guyau. Paris: Alcan.

(4) *Le Chinois peints par un Français*. Par P. Antonelli. Paris: Ollendorff.

on the *Miracles* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) the numerous foot-
notes, many of which comprise important quotations from German
theology and the Fathers, are translated in accordance with
the expressed intention of the author. This concession to the
"English reader" will doubtless greatly increase the popularity of
a popular exposition. It is characteristic of the author's diligent
emendation that he would not permit his books to be stereo-
typed. His final corrections are embodied in this edition.

There is, perhaps, more assimilative talent than inspiration in
Mr. Clinton Scollard's *With Reed and Lyre* (Boston: Lothrop),
though the poet's expression in his lighter lyrics is often graceful
and happy. Another small volume of American verse, *Berries of
the Brier* (Boston: Roberts), contains little to note, beyond a
brief but rather weird "Ballad of the Spinner," which tells how
one who deemed her sailor-love was false cast a dreadful spell on
the sea by her magical spinning and wrought his and her own
destruction. *Poems*, by Edward Foskett (Kegan Paul, Trench,
& Co.) comprise "A Hindoo Tragedy," a tedious poem most
unattractive in effect, and "Harold Glynde," a dreary narrative poem
in monotonous blank verse. The shorter poems and sonnets are
absolutely devoid of any distinctive quality. *Leo's Local Lyrics*
(Demerara: Baldwin & Co.) claims to be "the very first volume
that has been written, illustrated, and published in Demerara."
There is certainly nothing in the effusions of the Georgetown poet
or in the "simple though effective woodcuts" of Mr. Charles
Stephens that renders this statement incredible. The poems have
an untutored frankness that harmonizes delightfully with the
 quaint and primitive cuts.

In *The Time of Roses* (T. Fisher Unwin) is an interesting and
romantic story, charmingly told and illustrated by Florence and
Edith Scannell. Artist and author are happily associated in their
presentation of children, all of whom are delineated with remark-
able truth and attraction. *A Child's Pilgrimage* (Skeffington) is
a volume of short stories for children by Frances Clare, the
majority of a mystical cast that can only bewilder the young. The
three concluding tales, and two allegories that are not too elaborate,
are prettily told.

The Chaplain's Crazes (Ward & Downey), by Mr. George Manville
Fenn, evolves a mystery that cannot long exercise the astute
reader, who must inevitably foresee the dénouement almost at the
outset. This, at least, was our misfortune.

Dottings of a Dossier (T. Fisher Unwin) is the euphonious title
of Mr. Howard J. Goldsmid's "revelations" of common lodging-
houses in London. The author's experiences in the neighbour-
hood of Ratcliff Highway and Mint Street, as narrated in these
sketches, suggest the necessity of some stringent reform or legis-
lative interference. In the meanwhile the reader may naturally
ask if there are no sanitary inspectors, no local authorities with
legal powers to deal with the scandals divulged in this book.

The New Zealand Year-Book, 1886-7 (Sampson Low & Co.),
contains a vast amount of general and statistical information,
skillfully arranged and intelligibly presented. The maps are
excellent.

Among our new editions are Mrs. Molesworth's *Herr Baby*,
with illustrations by Walter Crane (Macmillan & Co.); a selection
of *The Canterbury Tales*, edited by Alfred W. Pollard,
forming a volume of the "Parchment Library" (Kegan Paul &
Co.); and Aytoun's *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* (Blackwood &
Sons).

We have received *Hélène*, a translation of Léon de Tinseau's
Madame Villeferrière Jeune (Warne & Co.); *The Shadow of the
Church* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.); *Our Young Men*, by Lillie
Harris (Scott); *Outlines of Aesthetics*, from the German of
Hermann Lotze, by Professor G. T. Ladd (Boston: Ginn);
Industrial and Art Education in the United States, Part I.
(Washington: Bureau of Education); and *The Battle of the
Union*, a Parliamentary guide ("England" Office).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communi-
cations: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The Conversion will close on the 15th November, 1886.

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LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED, Lothbury,
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